THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRIZE, AND SPIRIT.

For JUNE, 1801.

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[Embellished with an Engraving of THE CHAISE MATCH, by SCOTT; and an Etching of A SKITTLE FRAME, by HOWITT.]

London:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS;

And Sold by J. WHEBLE, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Paul's; C. CHAPPLE, 66, Pall-mall, opposite St. James's Place; J. BOOTH, Duke Street, Portland Place; JOHN HILTON, at Newmarket; and by every Bookseller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

W. JUSTINS, PRINTER, PEMBERTON ROW, GOUGH SQUARE.

WE should have noticed on the Plate of SKITTLES, *given in the present Month's Magazine, that the Etching by Mr. Howitt is from a design of Mr. Collings.*

Chaise Match at Newmarket. Aug.t 29th 1750.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE,

For JUNE 1801.

EXPLANATION OF PLATE I.

THE CHAISE MATCH,
Run on Newmarket Heath, on Wednesday the 29th of August, 1750, from an Original Drawing by Mr. SEYMOUR, and Engraved by Mr. SCOTT.

THIS match was the consequence of a wager of One Thousand Guineas laid by the Earls of March and Eglintowne, on the one side, with Theobald Taafe and Andrew Sproule, Esqrs. on the other; that four horses should draw a carriage with four running wheels, with a person in or upon it, nineteen miles in one hour, which was performed in fifty-three minutes and twenty-seven seconds; although the horses run away the first four miles with their riders and carriage. Three of these horses had won plates, and all bred and trained for running. The two leading horses, including riders, saddles, and harness, carried about eight stone; each wheel-horse about seven stone: the chaise, with the boy that rode in it, weighed about twenty-four stone.

CRICKET MATCHES.

ON Monday, the 15th instant, a Match of Cricket was played near Nottingham, between eleven Members of the Nottingham Club, against six of Bingham, four of Ratcliffe, and Mr. Fennex, of the Mary-le-bone Club.

NOTTINGHAM.

FIRST INNINGS.

J. Dennis	19	c. J. Horsepool
T. Warsop	6	b. Fennex
R. Warsop	11	b. J. Horsepool
W. Streets	18	c. Fennex
R. Smith	2	b. Fennex
W. Chapman	0	b. Fennex
T. Neap	2	b. J. Horsepool
J. Weston	4	b. Fennex
H. Hopkin	1	c. H. Parr
L. Elliott	0	not out
W. Jefferies	1	c. S. Horsepool
Byes	13	
	77	

BINGHAM AND RATCLIFFE.

FIRST INNINGS.

S. Horsepool	3	b. Chapman
J. Jones	4	run out
Fennex	5	b. Chapman
W. Richmond	0	leg before wick.
J. Pilgrim	0	b. Chapman
H. Crooke	0	b. T. Warsop
J. Horsepool	2	b. Chapman
S. Parr	2	b. T. Warsop
W. Horsepool	1	b. T. Warsop
H. Parr	2	b. Chapman
J. Horsepool	0	not out
Byes	3	
	22	

SECOND INNINGS.

S. Horsepool	4	b. T. Warsop
J. Jones	8	b. T. Warsop
Fennex	12	run out
W. Richmond	0	b. Chapman
J. Pilgrim	2	b. Chapman

H. Crooke	0	c. Streets
J. Horsepool	10	b. T. Warsop
S. Parr	6	not out
W. Horsepool	0	b. T. Warsop
H. Parr	0	c. Smith
J. Horsepool	2	b. T. Warsop
Byes	1	
	45	

Nottingham, 1st Innings		77
Bingham and Ratcliffe, 1st Innings —	22	67
Ditto 2d Innings —	45	

On Wednesday, the 24th inst. and following days, was played a Grand Match of Cricket, in Lord's Ground, Mary-le-bone, between Eleven of Surrey against Eleven of England, for One Thousand Guineas.

ENGLAND.

FIRST INNINGS.

J. Gibbons, Esq.	3	b. T. Walker
Long	11	c. G. Cooper
Hammond	9	b. T. Walker
Barton	56	run out
Lord F. B.	26	c. T. Walker
Hon T. Covent.	4	c. Wells
Freemantle	31	not out
Silvester	2	b. Robinson
Small	9	st. H. Tufton
Young, Esq.	0	c. T. Walker
Burrows, Esq.	13	st. H. Tufton
Byes	0	
	164	

SECOND INNINGS.

J. Gibbons, Esq.	3	c. Wells
Long	6	b. Beldam
Hammond	0	stumpt ditto
Barton	27	b. ditto
Lord F. B.	7	b. Wells
Hon. T. Covent.	5	b. ditto
Freemantle	1	b. ditto
Silvester	13	b. ditto
Small	14	c. H. Tufton
Young, Esq.	3	not out
Burrows, Esq.	1	st. Beldam
Byes	2	
	82	

SURREY.

FIRST INNINGS.

G. Leycest. Esq.	21	b. Silvester
Col. Onslow	1	b. ditto
T. Walker	7	c. Burrows
Beldam	4	c. Lord F. B.
Robinson	22	run out
Wells	1	b. Lord F. B.
Brown	2	c. Silvester
Hon. H. Tufton	0	b. Lord F. B.
Hon. L. Powys	4	not out
G. Cooper, Esq.	2	b. Silvester
Sir H. Marten	0	b. Lord F. B.
Byes	0	
	64	

SECOND INNINGS.

G. Leycest. Esq.	30	run out
Col. Onslow	0	b. Lord F. B.
T. Walker	7	b. ditto
Beldam	18	b. Hammond
Robinson	1	b. Lord F. B.
Wells	29	c. Small
Brown	4	c. Barton
Hon. H. Tufton	7	c. Lord F. B.
Hon. L. Powys	10	c. Freemantle
G. Cooper, Esq.	7	st. Hammond
Sir H. Marten	10	not out
Byes	7	
	130	

England won by 52 runs—11 to 10 on Surrey at starting.

THEATRES.

WEDNESDAY night, the 17th instant, Drury-lane Theatre closed for the season; when Mr. Kemble came forward, and, in the name of the proprietors and performers, thanked the public, in a neat speech, for the encouragement they had experienced.

Covent Garden closed on Thursday evening, the 18th instant, with the Comedy of "*Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*," for the Benefit of the General Lying-in Hospital, Bayswater. Mrs. Jordan, from Drury-lane, greatly to her praise, volunteered

teered in *Estifania*, and Mrs. Bland sung, in dulcet strains, her "Little Sally," and "Tafflin, or the Silken Sash." The House was crowded.

The same evening, the Hay-market Theatre commenced its Summer campaign with reinforcements from the Winter Houses; viz. Mr. H. Johnston, Miss Murray, Mrs. Lichfield, Mrs. Mills, Miss Tyrer, &c.

Another Crim. Con. Cause.

[We say "*another*," as this is the last tried, and only one of three reported in the present month's Magazine. Why the *last* is *first*, is by reason that the *first* half sheet of our Magazine is printed *last*, in order to give the whole Contents in the Title-page.]

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, June 26, 1801.

EDWARDS *v.* CRICK.

MR. Erskine was leading counsel for the plaintiff, and conducted the cause with uncommon ability. After a few general observations upon the nature of the injury for which this action was brought, he stated, that Mr. Edwards in the year 1793, married an amiable young woman, whose affections he had been fortunate enought to engage. He earnestly wished to spend his life in her society; but the narrowness of his fortune put this out of his power. He was obliged to undertake a voyage to the East Indies soon after his marriage. Before he set out, however, he placed his lady in a situation where she might receive protection, and live comfortably in his absence. She entered the family of Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, and was there employed as housekeeper. Mr. Edwards's voyage did not turn out so profitably as he had expected, and he and his wife were disappointed in the hope they had fondly cherished, of being able to establish themselves in the world, and live for the future independent and happy. He was obliged to allow his wife to remain at Mr. Coke's, and to enter himself into the service of Lord Harewood. As often as it was in his power he went to visit her at Holkham, and kept up an affectionate correspondence with her by letter. She bore him a son, and so well pleased were Mr. and Mrs. Coke with her conduct, that they allowed it to be brought up in the house. In this manner the two lived not unhappily in the mean time, and with the consoling hope of soon settling together and employing their mutual exertions in the education of their children. This hope, however, was never to be realised, and all their present comforts were soon to be embittered. Mr. Coke's steward, the defendant, had formed a criminal passion for Mrs. Edwards, and succeeded in seducing her. The criminal intercourse had commenced in the year 1798; but it was not till within these few months that sufficient proof had been procured, or that it was even known who had been the seducer. Finding herself with child by Mr. Crick, Mrs. Edwards had privately withdrawn from Holkham, and had resisted every entreaty to give up the name of the person who had ruined her. Her husband, however, at last got possession of a letter which she had received from the defendant; and the scene of iniquity which had been so long concealed was completely laid open. Persons were then employed to watch Crick's motions, and the most complete evidence was soon obtained of his guilt. Mr. Erskine declared he could not imagine what defence it was possible to set up. If a man wilfully deserted his wife, and left her without any protection, he allowed he had no right to complain it

if she should be seduced, however much those might be to blame who took advantage of her defenceless condition. But if a man was obliged, from the narrowness of his circumstances, to separate himself from the object of his affections, and if he placed her in the bosom of a virtuous family, could it be said that his honour and his happiness were not to be protected by the law, and that his bed might be invaded by every unprincipled libertine?

After various other observations, the learned Counsel called several witnesses, who fully made out his case. It appeared that Mr. and Mrs. Edwards had lived together in a state of the greatest harmony, and at all times shewed symptoms of the warmest mutual attachment. He set out for India five or six days after the marriage, but she was acquainted with his intentions before the ceremony took place. She brought him a fortune of four hundred pounds, which had been vested in the funds in his name. While he was out of the country she went by the name of Flower, but upon his return he visited Holkham, and the secret of their marriage was disclosed to Mr. and Mrs. Coke. He staid there about two months, and visited her thrice afterwards. She never complained of his neglect, but always spoke of him with affection. A woman, at whose house Mr. Crick and Mrs. Edwards had lodged in London, clearly proved the criminal conversation.

The defence was conducted by Mr. Attorney General, who represented the plaintiff in the most odious light, and contended, that from his own misconduct, he had no title to more than nominal damages. He had set no value whatever upon her society, and was therefore entitled to no compensation for the loss of it. Nothing had happened but what he might have reasonably expected. If he was completely forgetful of the conjugal duties, was it wonderful that she should forget the marriage vow? After expatiating with great eloquence upon the lady's intolerable grievances, Mr. Attorney proceeded to urge several things in favour of the defendant. He dwelt chiefly upon his having settled an annuity of sixty pounds upon Mrs. Edwards, and seemed to think this a sufficient compensation for the mischief he had done. In the course of his address, he cautioned the Jury against the eloquence and the arts of Mr. Erskine, whom he stiled a *damage-broker*; and his talents at a reply, where a boundless field was presented to his fancy, he panegyrised in the highest strains.

All that was proved by the witnesses for the defendant was, that Mrs. Edwards used to furnish her husband with sums of money from her earnings; that in an interview between them after the criminal connexion was known, he had alternately displayed tenderness and resentment; that he had broke open her boxes and carried off her papers, and that Mr. Crick had settled an annuity upon her. Mr. Attorney had represented the plaintiff as long at a loss against whom to bring his action, and as once levelling his piece at Mr. Coke, to whom he paid many just compliments; but there was not the least evidence to support these statements. On the contrary, it was made more clear that the plaintiff had brought the action the moment he knew who had been the author of his dishonour.

Mr. Erskine made a most admirable reply. After entering into a very spirited vindication of his general conduct as an advocate, he came to the merits of the particular case then before the Court. He forcibly

forcibly represented the aggravation of the injury the plaintiff had suffered in the defence that had been set up. After Mr. Crick had ruined his peace of mind for ever, he instructed a lawyer to declare that he was a scoundrel, and deserved no better treatment! Mr. E. expressed the greatest astonishment that a man of his learned Friend's feeling, sagacity, and masculine judgment, should gravely say that he considered the settlement of an annuity by the adulterer upon the object of his lawless passion, was a compensation to him he had dishonoured! Who was there, he asked, who, when he had made the dreadful discovery that his wife had been unfaithful, would not consider it as the consummation of his disgrace, if he were told that she was afterward to be supported by the very man who had overcome her virtue, had plunged her in vice, and her friends in misery? In painting the feelings of Mr. Edwards, he was particularly happy in conveying an idea of what must pass in the mind of this unhappy man, when he beholds the child which his wife bore after she left Mr. Coke's. It might be the issue of his loins; or have proceeded from those of his mortal enemy! Now he would eagerly clasp it to his breast, but parental love giving place to suspicion, he would next moment throw it down with horror, and imagine that it presented to him a living monument of his shame! This hour his thoughts would upbraid him with cruelty, and the hour after with weakness. To compensate a man whose views had all been blasted, and whose future life could only be variety of wretchedness, Mr. Erskine allowed to be impossible; but he was sure that he would be fully compensated as far as pecuniary damages could prove any compensation to him.

Lord Kenyon said, that this was one of the many proofs which had lately appeared in that Court of the excessive profligacy of the times. The attempts made to stem the current of vice seemed only to render it more impetuous and overbearing. All that could be done then was to make people feel, that if they would disregard the laws of morality, and the laws of the land, they must severely suffer for their misconduct in their purse. His Lordship had no doubt, from the known abilities of his Counsel, that every thing possible had been urged for the defendant, but really nothing had been urged in favour of him at all. The plaintiff had brought his action as soon as he had known against whom to bring it, and no blame was imputable to him in any part of his conduct. Lord St. Vincent had been absent in the Mediterranean for four years; but had he not a right to expect that, during his absence, his wife should be regarded with greater reverence? It was not alone upon the service of their country that the best husbands were often absent from their homes. His Lordship put the case of any learned Gentleman at the bar going the circuit, and asked if his wife had in the mean time been debauched, how he should relish to be told when he sought redress for this most enormous of all injuries, that he had deserted his wife, that nothing had happened but what he might have easily expected, and that he had no right to complain? It had sometimes been forcibly urged for offenders, that they were in the heat of youth; a season when the rein of reason is too weak to curb the headstrongness of passion. But this defendant had arrived at the meridian of life, was a married man, and held a situation in the family which called upon him to afford protection to every female it contained.

tained. His circumstances had not been laid open; but if he had been able to settle on Mrs. Edwards sixty pounds a year as the price of his gratification, and the wages of her iniquity, it was reasonable to suppose that he was now able to obey the call of justice, and to make compensation for the misery he had occasioned. His Lordship said, he was happy to find that the opinion of the public entirely coincided with his own.—An act had lately been passed for the liberation of insolvent debtors; and it was provided that no one should take the benefit of it who was in custody for debt incurred by the verdict of a Jury in an action brought against him for criminal conversation. He then concluded by delivering a high panegyric upon the noble and learned Lord by whom this clause had been introduced.

Verdict for the plaintiff—damages, Four Hundred Pounds.

Law Intelligence on Sporting Subjects.

KING's BENCH, June 27.

Sittings after Term before Lord Kenyon.

M'LEAN v. THORNTON, ESQ.

THE plaintiff is a fishing tackle-maker, the defendant, a gentleman of fortune, both residing in the North of England. The action was brought to recover the sum of forty-five pounds, the balance of a bill for fishing tackle, and for journey and expences attendant thereon over the Highlands of Scotland, in search of hawks and other wild birds, to gratify the defendant in the pleasures of his favourite sport, hawking. Some doubts arising as to the fairness of the charges made, Mr. Erskine volunteered his evidence, by asserting, that the search was attended with much labour and difficulty, and often with extreme hazard; the party being frequently suspended from precipices of amazing height, to the imminent danger of his person. The statute of limitation, and the general issue, were pleaded in defence; but it appearing that the defendant had paid five pounds in part of the bill early in the preceding year, his Lordship directed a verdict for the plaintiff.

HANCOCK v. THE SHERIFFS OF LONDON.

The plaintiff is a stable-keeper, and brought his action to recover the value of certain horses taken by defendants under a judgment against Sir Thomas Southcote, such horses being placed in the hands of the plaintiff by Sir Thomas as a security for monies due to him. In defence it was argued, that the plaintiff had no lien upon the horses, and that it was a colourable transaction only. This defence, however, was not made out, and the plaintiff got a verdict to the extent of his demand.

Obituary—Overton.

THIS celebrated horse died on Sunday, the 14th inst. at Mr. Hutchinson's stud-farm, at Shipton, near York: he was foaled in 1788, and got by King Fergus, out of Bramble's dam, by Herod, grand dam by Snip, out of an own sister to Regulus, by the Godolphin Arabian. In 1792, when four years old, he was considered as the best colt of the year in England, having, at the York August Meeting, won a Sweepstakes of 650gs. the great subscription for four years old, beating Rosalind, Rosamond, Storm, Halbert; and a match against Halbert, giving 7lb. and the gold cup for all ages, at Doncaster, carrying 4lb. extra, beating Huby, Rosalind, Smoker, &c. &c.

Letters

LETTERS *on the* ART *and* PLEASURES *of* HARE-HUNTING.

(To a Person of Quality.)

LETTER III.

The Sorts and Difference of Hares; being of no less Signification than the preceding Letters.

A Hare is called by sportsmen, within the first year, a leveret; at twelve months old, a hare; at two years old, and so on, a great, a large, or a slamming hare. I never heard them distinguished by other names, nor do I know more proper.

The derivation of the term is not at all momentous to the huntsman; he is sensible when he sees her, every body calls such a creature a hare. Your Lordship knows the ancients called this animal by various appellations.

The Hebrews called the hare, Arnebeth, which being feminine, possessed the generality with a notion, no hares were masculine; and the opinion so much prevailed, that, to this day, not one man in a thousand, occasionally talks of a hare, but speaks in the feminine gender, and uses the epithets *her* or *she*.

The Greeks sometimes call the hare, Lagoes, for his immoderate lust; at other times, Ptoox, implying extraordinary fear. The Latins, *Lepus quasi levi pes, or lightfoot*, denoting swiftness of feet.

As to any real difference in the species, I confess myself no judge; I always found they corresponded in shape and symmetry; but to exceed, like other creatures, in size and abilities, which I conceive proceeds from nothing more than their difference of feed and situation, and may be ranged under the few distinctions of the Down Hare, the Field or Enclosure Hare, the Marshy and Woodland Hare

The mountain or down hares feed short and sweet, breath a fine air, and enjoy an extensive compass for exercise, and distant from form; whence, on experience, they are found to excel in strength or celerity, and stand a hunt longer than any hares. In *dry* seasons they commonly make excursions into the vales for diversion and relief, and I have remarked myself, and have learned from shepherds and hare-finders, (by some wags not unjustly called *myopers*) that hares are never more plenty on the hills, than in *wet* weather; the reason of which is plain; they feed, form, and exercise, on *drier* turf than the vallies afford.

Every down hare has a multitude of seats, which (as the weather directs) she changes from time to time; and from practice, or some innate principle, *returns* to again, provided she quitted on her own accord and undisturbed.

The enclosure, marshy, or woodland hares, are experienced to be slower, weaker, and more unfit to endure hard hunting, than the Down hares, the situation and manner of their living being opposite; they relieve on too rank, strong feed, too near their forms: their circle of exercise is more confined, and liable to disturbance, and the air they breathe is less pure and correct; whence proceeds pursiveness and short wind. Of this sort are the hares in the wilds, many of which I have seen when paunched, with ulcerated lungs, and unsound.

There are another sort of hares to be met with (though very seldom) different from either of the kinds mentioned, that wander about like *vagrants*, living at large, and with indifference, in all places, seating vastly uncertain: sometimes in the enclosure, hedge-row, brake, or strong covert; at other times in the open common or field.

These are the hares for diversion, and most difficult to judge of, and dangerous to pursue. They ramble through the barn-yard in the night, and disregard the gaunt growling mastiff; traverse the orchard and garden, intrepid and fearless; explore the dangerous pond-head, nor dread the roaring waters; regale on the virgin grass, or tender clover, or young turnip; or (as some *hidden* cause directs) neglect them all, *fonder* to bark, or browse the budding twig.

When started, they seldom keep any certain ring, but drive on irregular, trying all sorts of ground; the turf, the hard highway, the watery puddle, or dry dusty fallow; and lead the weary sportsman many a painful step, and through many a dangerous passage.

These are the *old witches*, that afford inexhaustible subjects after hunting, that make the glass pass brisk about, the cheeks glow, chins wag, and every faltering tongue provokes, that the whole edifice resounds the continued boisterous din; impatient each to o'er-hunt or recount his part. The inexperienced audience, to every orator by turns, attention deal; but, if the huntsman deigns the view to hollow, or foil o'er-hunt again, sudden silence reigns; and ravished with the deafening clamour of the prophet, with eager infatuation, all applaud; and the most apocryphal tales assent to, and believe; whilst he! wretch, arbitrary, (though illiterate) with ignorance and pride, native to himself, ascribes some passages notable in the chase, to his own good judgment and understanding; others less remarkable, to the poor hare's contrivance and cunning.

As I am entered upon the subject of hares, it may not be impertinent to observe to your Lordship, how kind Providence has been in the *formation* of this animal; and it is well indeed nature has been so beneficent, there being scarce a creature breathing, wild or domestic, but is an enemy to the poor defenceless hare. Birds of the air, as well as beasts of the field, seem in perpetual war with her. The very reptile adder will kill the old hare, passive and defenceless in combat: nor does the leveret feed the small circle about its little home, secure, and unmolested by the despicable bat and owl. Wherefore, as the most proper means for preservation, (amidst such a numerous tribe of enemies) nature has kindly endowed her with a temper, excessive timid, continually watchful, and listening, and ever eager, even to rashness, to run from the most trifling approach of danger: all her dependance being in that talent alone, and which the wise Contrivance of all Things, has ordained every part to assist, and complete. If not unworthy, pray take a survey, my Lord, of this little creature; this wonder of animals; not more the charm and delight of the sportsman, than his beagles. No creature in the universe leaves a more grateful enchanting scent than the hare; the smell of the marten is not more ravishing to the hounds. Will your Lordship please to view his short round head? Look how extremely proper and excellently fashioned it is for flight! Was he to maintain himself, or seize his food by means of *celerity*, a longer nose and head would have been much more expedient and necessary.

See how long the ears, how large and open, how high fixed on the head, and when pricked, how close together point; nicely calculated to hear the enemy at a distance, and receive timely warning of the least approach of danger.

The eyes, ingeniously placed on each

each side, divided by the whole breadth of the forehead; not situated in front like a dog or cat's eyes, to see only the segment of a circle forward; but sideways, to observe almost a whole circle, being formed so as to turn any way, to espy impending danger from all quarters, and secure himself in time. A farther remark, and worthy observation, is, the creature, *waking* or *sleeping*, perpetually watches; his eyes being continually open and so protuberant, round, and large, the lids are far too short to cover them, even when at sleep.

View the breast, my Lord, how narrow, and at the same time how deep and capacious the chest; for as the lungs are in a continual state of violent expansion during the time he is hunted, and by the prodigious frequent inspiration and expiration, become in the end so vastly distended, as to require a much larger space than is assigned for the purpose; the chest, therefore, is fashioned to receive more breath, or give the lungs more room to perform their office, almost than any creature.

Take notice of the back, how straight, and rather long for covering more ground in running, and well filleted, or double remed, for strength in the performance. The scut short and high; haunches wide, large, and sinewy. Legs straight, and proportionably long, with such feet no creature in the animal creation can boast.

Now I have mentioned the feet, permit me to observe a common notion, I might say an error; there being several egregious ones about hares; but the following I don't doubt your Lordship has not only heard, but read of: and that is, if you ask several sportsmen, why a low-land, enclosure, or marshy hare, endures not hunting so long as the hilly or upland hare, the answer frequently is, that the former generally fill themselves too full of pasture, before the form; and that by frequent treading on the soft turf, and moist paths, become far more tender-footed, and unfit to bear hard running, than the uphill hare, that uses the *hard* highways and *dry* turf; which is to be met with, three parts of the year, on the down or hilly land.

As to the first of such hunters or writers so seeming plain reasons, I beg their pardon, but must absolutely disagree with their opinion; it being more plain and natural to believe, such hares never fill themselves too full, as they call it. Unerring nature, doubtless, instructs them better than to *over-eat* themselves, or *gorge* so much as to retard them in their celerity, which is their *only* defence and preservation; it cannot be, I am positive. The poor fearful creatures satisfy nature and no more; their time of feeding begins (according to the season) and ends about a certain time, afterwards a proper space is duly employed in drying, airing, exercising, and crotising; 'till the approach of morning warns them to seek or return to their proper retirements.

They don't glutton on their food, like the wise-heads that hunt them; eat for the cheer is dainty, we may meet with none like it to-morrow; but rather, too often before nature is contented, retire, molested and alarmed in the night, to some adjoining thicket, and there finish their repast, on the shaded spray or sour herb, happy in their safety and solitude. Or, sometimes, as nature dictates, when the southern tempest pours down the dreadful torrent, or the chilling north spreads the surface with his silvered mantle, sit close in form, 'till better times ensue, content with no repast.

Whether this opinion with those

sportsmen who judge of hares immoderate eating by themselves, and because they have experienced an *impediment* in their heels, from a *crammed* belly, think hares meet with the same, may be of any weight, I can't say, nor do I care; I have a better opinion of honest faithful nature's dictates, than their idle whims and notions.

As to the other part offered, that Lowland hares are tender-footed, I protest I smile at the thought of such a shallow opinion. Tender feet in dogs, are owing to the softness of their soles, or that fleshy substance called the ball or toes of the feet. This tenderness is natural to some, and is a fault in the breed; one of their excellencies, being, as before mentioned, hard dry soles; in others, it proceeds from disuse, in which case it is soon remedied; moderate exercise every day, will soon bring the feet into order, and make them sufficiently hard, to endure diversion. But as to a hare being tender in her feet, a little observation may convince such casuists of their mistake; nature having been in this particular, singularly liberal to the poor hare, by suppl ing her with such feet, as are absolutely free from, and not subject to tenderness; or scarce susceptible of hurt, so as to incommode, or retard her in running.

Pray observe what a small web there is between the clees, and the admirable deficiency of soles, or toes underneath! with submission, my Lord, what hath she to fear then from the flinty high-way, the uneven severe frosty path, the poignant bramble, or piercing black thorn? Nothing—the balls of her feet being supplied, instead of hard flesh, with a strong coarse fur; suited so charmingly for the purpose, that she treads soft, run what road she will, and never easier, or more to advantage, than on the hardest beaten path, or stony rugged road. The very surface that cripples a dog, she glides over with ease and pleasure. Take notice in a frost (for the reasons advanced) what advantage she has in running, superior to most creatures. Whilst the generous steed founders with moderate gallops, and the fleet greyhound starts his clees, and tears his soles to pieces, on the rugged frosty paths; she treads soft, as if she went on woolpacks, or rebounds and leaps upon her very clees. View her again, on the miry high-way, though she skims over the clay and puddle, like an arrow from the bow, yet leaps so tender, the surface is scarce brushed by her tread. But enough, I shall only farther advance to such tender-foot brethren, one reason, and a true one, why a lowland hare, or by what appellation they please to distinguish her, may, on experience, prove less fit to bear labour, or hard hunting, than the upland hare; instead of a too great plenitude, or tenderness of feet, is occasioned from the too strong or rank feed, (I don't mean the quantity, but quality) and confined circle for exercise; whence proceeds short wind and pursiveness.

(To be continued.)

Modern Fashions.

"Of folly studious, e'en of vices vain,
"At vices gilded by the rich and gay."
SHENSTONE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I Am young, and acknowledged pretty, but have the misfortune to be born out of a *fashionable* circle, though I assure you my family is very good. I say misfortune, because this circumstance has caused me more than once to become an object

object of ridicule to several fashionable persons. If I meet with ladies of ton, I have to undergo all the artillery of their contempt; the curved lip, the elevated nose, and the significant sneer: then, on the other hand, the unmeaning stare of the gentlemen; their forced horse laughs, and studied rudeness, again perplex me. I have heard my grandmother say, that three squires died for love of her! and that when she walked in the Park, every body that passed stopt to admire her. Then my old aunt has shewn me letters from her lovers, setting forth, how a gentleman would hang himself on a green willow, with the very pair of glove-tops he had once amorously stolen from her, if she would thus *frown* on him. To salute the icy top of her taper finger, was at all events his *last* request, and he would thus take care his ghost should not haunt her. Dear Sir, these anecdotes have so unprepared me for polite life, that I am quite astonished to see gentlemen, who, you know, ought not to mind cold, fence the fire round with their backs, and even to walk together in such rows that I have nearly been thrown into the kennel. Then to hand you to a coach, or reach you a chair, is quite ungenteel; so that all attention is out of the question, and makes me think, that human nature is sick of love, and every soft passion. Yet could I submit to put up with the conduct of the men; but the ladies shock me still more, instead of uniting against them, like the amazons of old, which I have read of, they behave ten times worse, and treat me as a troop of kites might a dove. Pray, Sir, what is my fault, tell me? shall I be loud, coarse, and rouge deep, to be like them, and so repel force by force, or go into gay company, only to be sneered at by both sexes for being delicate in my dress, and modest in my manners? Am your's, respectfully, DECORA.

ENTERTAINING *and* SCIENTIFIC ESSAY *against the Common Notions of* BLOOD-HORSES, BREEDING, *&c.*

(Continued from p. 73.)

IF I might now be allowed to give my opinion of this propriety of length, I should say it consisted in the depth and declivity of the shoulders, and in the length of the quarters and thighs, and the insertion of the muscles thereof. The effect of the different position or attitude of the shoulders in all horses, is very demonstrable: if we consider the motion of a shoulder, we shall find it limited to a certain degree by the ligamentous and tendinous parts, which confine it to its proper sphere of acting; so that if the shoulder stand upright, the horse will not be able to put his toes far before him, but will acquire only such a particular degree of space at each step or movement; but if the shoulders have a declivity in them, he cannot only put his toes farther before him, but a greater purchase of ground will be obtained at every stroke.

The certainty of this effect in the declivity of the shoulders will be known by every man's observation; and it is also easily demonstrated by the principles of mechanics, by which we learn, that if a weight is applied to a pulley, in order to shut a door, and that weight be allowed to fall immediately and perpendicularly from the door, it will not pull it too with that velocity, as it will do if an angle be acquired, and the weight pass over a wheel removed to a very little distance from the door.

Nevertheless, there is no general rule without exception, for we now and

and then find a horse to be a good racer, who has not this declivity in his shoulders, but from a length in his thighs and quarters has a sufficient share of speed. Add to this, there is another advantage obtained to the horse besides velocity by this declivity of the shoulders, for his weight is removed farther back, and placed more in the centre of his body, by which an equilibrium is acquired, and every muscle bears a more equal share of weight and action; so that the nearer the articulation of the quarters approach to the superior part of the shoulders, so much the shorter will the back be, and as much more expanded as the chest is, so much stronger will the animal be, and will also have a larger space for the organs of respiration to exert themselves.

But I would not be understood to mean, that the shortness of the back, or capacity of the chest, will constitute a racer; far from it: but that in any given and proportioned length, from the bosom of the horse to the setting on of the dock, the nearer the superior points of the shoulders approach to the quarters, so much better able will the carcase be to sustain and bring through the weight; and as much as the shoulders themselves prevail in depth, and the quarters and thighs in length, so much greater will be the velocity of the horse, because a greater purchase of ground is hereby obtained at every stroke.

It is by this propriety of length, strength of carcase, and the power of the muscles, that foreign horses excel all others, and it is by the same advantages they excel each other also, and not by any innate virtue, or principle of the mind, which must be understood by the word blood, if any thing at all is intended to be understood by it; and this is a truth every man would be convinced of, if he would divest himself of partiality to particular blood, and confide in his own observation of horses and their performances.

Sedbury was an instance of this great power, in whom we find all the muscles rising very luxuriant, and with a remarkable prominence. The famous Childers was a like instance of it. These two horses were remarkably good, but we have been absurd enough to condemn the blood of both at various times; in one, because he had bad feet, and entailed that defect on the generality of his offspring; in the other, because most people who bred from that lineage, were running mad after a proper cross, when they should have been employed in thinking only of propriety of shape.

I am very far from desiring to be thought a superior judge of this animal, but I will be bold to say, that according to these principles of length and power, there never was a horse (at least that I have seen) so well entitled to get racers as the Godolphin Arabian; for whoever has seen this horse, must remember that his shoulders were deeper, and lay farther into his back, than any horse's ever yet seen; behind the shoulders, there was but a very small space; before, the muscles of his loins rose excessively high, broad, and expanded, which were inserted into his quarters with greater strength and power, than in any horse I believe ever yet seen of his dimensions. If we now consider the plainness of his head and ears, the position of his fore-legs, and his stinted growth, occasioned by the want of food in the country where he was bred, it is not to be wondered at, that the excellence of this horse's shape, which we see only in miniature, and therefore imperfectly, was not so manifest and apparent to the

perception

perception of some men as of others.

It has been said, that the sons of the Godolphin Arabian had better wind than other horses, and that this perfection of the wind was in the blood. But when we consider any horse thus mechanically made, whose leavers acquire more purchase, and whose powers are stronger than his adversaries, such a horse will be enabled by this superiority of mechanism, to act with greater facility; and, therefore, it is no wonder that the organs of respiration (if not confined or straitened more than his adversaries) should be less fatigued. Suppose now, we take ten mares of the same, or different blood, all which is held equally good, when the mares are covered, and have been esteemed so long before, and put to this Godolphin Arabian, let us suppose some of the colts to be good racers, and others very inferior to them; shall we condemn the blood of these mares which produced the inferior horses? If so, we shall never know what good blood is, or where it is to be found, or ever act with any certainty in the propagation of this species, and it is this ridiculous opinion alone of blood, that deceives mankind so much in the breed of racers. If we ask the jockey the cause of this difference in the performance of these brothers, he (willing to account some how for it) readily answers, that the blood did not nick; but will a wise and reasoning man, who seriously endeavours to account for this difference, be content with such a vague, unmeaning answer, when, by applying his attention to matters of fact, and his observation to the different mechanism of these brothers, the difference of their performance is not only rationally, but demonstratively accounted for?

But if this excellence of the racer should really be in the blood, or what is called the proper nicking of it, I must say, it is a matter of great wonder to me, that the blood of the Godolphin Arabian, who was a confined stallion, and had but few mares, should nick so well as to produce so many excellent racers; and that the blood of his son Cade, who has had such a number of mares, and those, perhaps, the very best in the kingdom, should not nick any better than it seems to have done; for I do not conceive the performances of the sons of Cade, to have been equal in any respect to the sons of the Godolphin Arabian; though I do not pretend to determine this myself, but shall leave it to the opinion of mankind.

The question then is, whether this excellence of horses is in the blood or the mechanism; whoever is for blood, let him take two brothers of any sort or kind, and breed one up in plenty, the other upon a barren heath; I fancy he will find, that a different mechanism of the body will be acquired to the two brothers by the difference of their living, and that the blood of him brought up on the barren heath, will not be able to contend with the mechanism of the other, brought up in a land of plenty. Now if this difference of shape will make a difference in the performance of the animal, it will be just the same thing in its consequences, whether this imperfection of shape be produced by scarcity of food, or entailed by the laws of nature; if so, does it signify whether the colt be got by Turk, Barb, or Arab, or what kind of blood his dam be of? or where shall we find one certain proof of the efficacy of blood in any horse produced in any age or any country, independent of the laws of mechanics?

If

If it should be urged, that these foreign horses get better colts than their descendants, that therefore the blood of foreign ones is best, I answer, no; for that according to the number of foreign stallions we have had in this kingdom, there have been more reputed and really bad than good ones, which would not happen in the case of horses, who come from the same country, and are of the same extraction, if this goodness was in the blood only. But the true reason why foreign horses get better colts than their descendants, if they do get better, is, that (mechanism alike) their descendants from which we breed, are generally such horses as have been thoroughly tried, consequently much strained, and gone through strong labour and fatigue; whereas the foreign horse has perhaps seldom or ever known what labour was; for we find the Turk a sober grave person, always riding a foot pace, except on emergencies, and the Arab preferring his mare to his horse for use and service. As a proof of this truth, let us take two sister hound bitches, and ward them both with the same dog; let us suppose one bitch to have run in the pack, and the other by some accident not to have worked at all, it will be found that the offspring of her who has never worked, will be much superior to the offspring of her who has run in the pack.

All I have now to ask of my brother jockeys is, that for the future, when speaking of these horses, they will, instead of the phrase *high-bred*, say only well-bred, and that they will not even then be understood to mean any thing more by it, than that they are descended from a race of horses, whose actions have established their goodness; and that I may have leave to prefer my opinion of the mechanical powers of a horse, to all their opinions concerning blood, which is in reality no more than a vain chimera. If these things are so, have not we and our forefathers been hoodwinked all our days by the prevalence of a ridiculous custom, and mistaken system, when by consulting our own reason and understanding, this mist of error had fled before it? If this mechanical power was considered as it ought to be, it would excite a proper emulation amongst all breeders: and when the excellence in the breed of horses was found to be the effect of judgment, and not of chance, there would be more merit, as well as more pleasure, in having bred a superior horse. Add to this, mankind by applying their attention to this mechanism of animals, would improve their judgment in the laws of nature, and it would not only produce a much better breed of racers than any we have yet seen, but the good of it would extend to all sorts of horses throughout the kingdom of what kind soever. It is a cruel thing to say, but yet a very true one, that amongst the present breed of horses in this nation, a man of any tolerable judgment can hardly find one in fifty fit for his purpose, whether designed to draw or ride; whereas if the purchasers would endeavour to make themselves masters of this mechanism, the breeders of every kind of horses must consult it also, or keep their useless ones in their own hands, which I conceive would be a proper punishment for their ignorance.

And now the author appeals not to the illiterate and unlearned, (whose obstinacy is too great to receive instruction, and whose prejudices are too strong to be obliterated by any reasons) but to the candid and impartial enquiry of reasoning and unprejudiced men into these principles, and hopes this

this may be a means of exciting some more able pen, to vindicate a truth so many ages buried in darkness. If aught conducive to the pleasure or use of mankind shall accrue from these hints, he will think himself happy; on the other hand, if the principles here advanced should prove erroneous, and any man be kind enough to point out the fallacy of them, he will kiss the rod with chearfulness and submission.

ORIGIN OF THE FANTOCCINI.

Parvum parva alert.

"Well, thought Lemuel Gulliver, not-
"withstanding their size, they must
"be real men and women!"

AS at least half the world is thirsting after novelty, perhaps there may be some of your readers, Mr. Editor, to whom a slight sketch of the history, even of puppet-shows, may not be displeasing, provided it affords to them any thing *nouvelle*. There are others who love

"Stare super vias antiquas,"

and jog on in the old way, hating every thing which does not bear the stamp of antiquity. How we shall fare with the former, we know not, but it will be nuts to the latter, as well as to all lovers of fun, to learn, that this art can be traced as far back as the time of Herodotus, who lived 484 years before our Saviour. Aristotle did not think it beneath him to notice these things; and even Plato, the celebrated writer upon the Immortality of the Soul, in his *first* book on laws, has a fine allusion to this subject, where he says, "Our *passions* are the *chords* which regulate our actions." It is clear also, that Socrates went to see a puppet-show, where he was so much delighted, that he exclaimed, "The hand which can regulate with such dexterity and judgment these wires, deserves indeed to hold the purse-strings of the public." Here, perhaps, some caviller will whisper softly, the name of the Philosopher's wife—

"A word of fear,
"Unpleasing to a married ear!"

And hint that the poor man went there to gid rid of Xantippe. Be it so—it is certain *he did go*: after which, no one need blush in following his example.—These figures were introduced among the Romans, with other luxuries, after they began to spread themselves into Greece and Asia; but it was to the Ægyptians they were chiefly indebted for this source of amusement. That such exhibitions were common at Rome, during the Augustan age, cannot be doubted, from the frequent allusions of Latin authors. Thus Horace, when he wishes to ridicule a great man from the yoke of a mistress or favourite, calls him "a mere doll, moved by the hand of another."

Tu mihi imperitas, alus servis miser atque
Duceris, ut nervis alienis mobile lignum.
Sat. 7. Lib. ii.

If more examples were wanting, the Emperor Marcus Antonius might be cited, who speaks two or three times of these little folks, and draws from them some very moral reflections.—These Lilliputian gentlemen have passed by different denominations in the different countries where they have colonized, but the words have nearly all the same signification: thus they are—

The *Neuros plesta* of Herodotus and Xenophon.

The *Mobilia ligna nervis alienis* of Horace.

The *Catenationes mobiles* of Petronius.

The *Ligneolæ hominum figuræ* of Apulius.

The *Marionnettes* of the French—and

The *Puppets* of our own country.

The Italians sometimes call them *Gelli Buratini*—*Giunco de burattini*, signifying a show of figures. The present term Fantoccini is the diminutive of *Fantoccio*—a puppet.

They were not much known in England until about three centuries ago, when they were imported from the Continent; but there is some cloud hanging over this part of their history, as many writers have confounded them with *Automatons* or *Androides*, which have been very properly classed off by others, "as having secret springs, but without chords, after the manner of clock-work."

THESPIS MINOR.

The LIFE, ADVENTURES, *and* OPINIONS, *of* COL. GEORGE HANGER.

(*Continued from page* 95.)

THE Landgrave of Hesse Cassel is a powerful prince. His coffers are well stored, his finances well regulated, and his army in the highest state of military discipline. His Serene Highness, whenever he chooses, can bring forty thousand troops into the field, as good as any in all Germany; there cannot be any better appointed, or better disciplined. At this early period of life, I made a particular acquaintance with that distinguished character, afterwards so well known to, and so much admired and respected by the British army in America, Colonel Donop, who died of the wounds he received in gallantly storming Red Bank, in the attack of which fortress so many of the Hessian grenadiers fell. The attempt to take it by storm failed, although some of the Hessian grenadiers were killed in the embrasures.

My early acquaintance with this distinguished character, led me some years after to decide on soliciting the honour of serving in the Hessian troops, when I quitted the first regiment of foot-guards; the cause of which I shall explain at a proper period. Nor can I in this place be silent on circumstances which were a great impediment to me in my military career, and early desire to see active service.

From my connections at Hanover and at Hesse Cassel, I could have gone in the suite of the young Prince of Brunswick to join the army of Count Romansoff, then serving against the Turks: but as this would have incurred an expence beyond the income my father allowed me, I wrote home to him, to request he would be so kind as to advance me a thousand pounds, with which he refused to comply; not, I believe, from want of generosity, but from the tender love my mother bore me. He stated my youth, and the wretched climate of the country in which I wished to serve. I am convinced it was from parental affection that he refused me; as I assured him, on my honour, that I would repay him, when of age, from the estate which he held during my minority. I was much mortified at the refusal, being passionately fond of my profession; and I looked on this as a most favourable opportunity to advance me in it. It would certainly have benefited me much, could I have accomplished this object. To the best of my recollection, the young Prince of Brunswick, brother to the present Duke, lost his life with the Rusian army. No part of my life has been so pleasant and agreeable as the three years I passed in Germany. I cannot help remarking, with what elegance a person of small fortune may live in that country. In England, with a small income,

income, one can scarcely procure necessaries of life. My father allowed me three hundred pounds per annum, which was fully sufficient for all my expences, and at the end of the year I had always an agreeable overplus.

I shall give two instances of the cheapness of living and of servants wages. I had an extraordinary good servant, who came every morning at eight o'clock to my apartments, and stayed as late at night as I wished. I only gave him one Louis d'or per month, for wages, board wages, and clothes.

While I remained in any great towns, I always dined at the public table d'Hôte, over which some officer of distinction of the garrison presides. Many military gentlemen resort to it, as well as travellers of the first distinction. The dinner reckoning, inclusive of wine, was about fifteen pence, for which were provided two courses and a desert of pastry: every thing else was as cheap in proportion. The hospitality and the open honest character of the Germans, so attached me to the country, that when ordered home to join my regiment, I quitted it with much reluctance, and absolutely shed tears on my departure.

I forgot to mention in the proper place, that, when I first went to Germany, my father committed the same error as many other parents have done, by sending a clergyman with me to see me settled at the university of Gottingen. I have the utmost respect for this good man, who took the trouble of travelling so many miles to take care of me; for he discharged his duty with every attention and civility. In my humble opinion, clergymen who have never travelled, but have been immured in schools and within the walls of universities, are very ill calculated indeed to travel with a young militant. Their knowledge of the dead languages is but of little use to them in the polite circles; and they are as much out of their place at a foreign court, as a dog is in a dancing-school *. However, it has been much the custom to appoint clergymen in general as bear-leaders to young men who travel.

Two successive summers I went, for a couple of months, to Pyrmont, so well known, throughout Europe, for its waters. This town and surrounding country is the property of the Prince of Waldeck, and is the most beautiful and romantic spot I ever beheld. The walks and rides around it are delightful; and it is resorted to by people of the first distinction from all parts of Germany. I had the honour of receiving the most distinguished civility and protection from the then reigning Prince of Waldeck, and had the happiness of contracting a considerable intimacy with his highness, who was a most amiable and accomplished gentleman. Pyrmont abounds with variety of amusement, and is one of the pleasantest places I know, to resort to in summer. After passing through that most detestable of all countries, Holland, where a traveller is insulted by every species of extortion, and where gold is worshipped more than the Deity, I took shipping for England, having bid adieu to it in the language of Voltaire—Adieu Canneau, Cannard, Canetaille!

Whoever passes through this country, when they come to an inn should always order dinner and supper at so much *per* head; then they cannot be imposed on much, as the price of wine is well known, and lodging may be valued also. If you think you are charged too dear, you

* I except dancing-dogs by profession.

you can have redress by applying to the burgomaster. At Delft, forgetful of this precaution, and coming in very late to an inn, I ordered supper, and went in haste to bed, to rise early the next morning and proceed on my journey. There was nothing in the house but eggs and spinnage, and a few slices of dried bacon, and bread and cheese: to this sumptuous regale I added a pint of wine. In the morning the landlady charged me above a pound sterling; and when I complained of the extravagance of the bill, she desired to look it over, and returned it to me with about ten or twelve pence added to it, saying, that she had omitted charging some articles. I went to the burgomaster to complain, who informed me that if I had made an agreement he would have punished the landlady; but as the case stood, it was not in his power. Another precaution is highly necessary when you get out of the track scoots to go to the inn: if you have a trunk and two or three bundles, put them all into one wheelbarrow; for, if you are not on your guard when your trunk is in the wheelbarrow, the porters will take each one bundle; and if it be only so light a thing as an hat-box, you must pay them the same as the man who wheels your trunk.

I will give the reader another instance of the extortion and brutality of the people; I mean only of the lower orders. If you take a walk out from your inn, and happen to lose your way, and you ask any common person in the street, which is the way to such an inn; mentioning the sign of it; instead of telling you to turn either to the right or left, his reply is, I will go with you there for a shilling. In France, if you meet the meanest object in the street, and ask him such a question, he is over-studious in describing the way. In Holland, you must go into some reputable shop to enquire; or address yourself to some well-dressed man, or you may walk round and round the town and never find your lodgings. Notwithstanding these impositions, the laws in Holland are excellent; and if you are acquainted with the customs of the country, you can ever have redress: and one supreme blessing the inhabitants of this country enjoy, there is no imprisonment for debt, which, with all our boasted liberty, is the curse and disgrace of Old England.

[Here our Author breaks off, with observing, that]

The second part of this Chapter, whose importance, I trust, the world cannot deny, and which, I presume, is already become highly interesting to every reader of taste and discernment, will be found in its appropriate situation in the Second Volume.

An Outwitted Fortune-Teller.

A Woman, who calls herself Lucretia Monk, was lately committed, by Wm. Hicks, Esq. to the House of Correction, at Worcester, for obtaining money under false pretences.—This person was brought before the Magistrate by a young farming man, who had gone to her (as had several others in his neighbourhood) to know his destiny. She told him he must, in the first place, go and buy her a pound of lead, and bring it to her, which accordingly he did—melting a part of this lead, she poured it into a bowl of water, and pretending minutely and most sagaciously to examine the metal in the state in which it then was, she informed him that a most beautiful and rich young lady was dying for love of him, that she would disclose her

passion

passion in about four days, that they were sure to be married, and that she saw in the water no less than eleven fine children. All this the silly clown believed, paid her fee of 2s. 6d. and departed in the highest spirits. The four days, however, had no sooner elapsed, than he began to be depressed, and the dolt was so enraged at the fraud that had been practised upon him, that he was determined to be revenged by informing against her. This woman appeared with the utmost composure before the Magistrate, and when he asked how she dared to defraud in the manner she had done the poor and ignorant, persisted that she was no impostor, that she had a foreknowledge of every event in every person's life, and knew what would happen to them.—"Why then," said the Magistrate, "how came you not to be aware that my warrant was out against you, for it has been issued this week?"—She coolly replied, "that of late her head had been so much engaged with other people's fate and affairs, that she had not had time to give a thought about her own."—It is astonishing the number of fools that have been duped by this woman.

For the Sporting Magazine.

Singular Customs in the Isle of Man.

The Queen of the May.

THE month of May is every year ushered in with a ceremony which has something in the design of it pretty enough. In most of the great parishes, they choose from among the daughters of the farmers a young maid, the Queen of the May; she is dressed in the gayest manner, and is attended by twenty others, as maids of honour: she has also a young man, who is her captain, and a number of inferior officers. In opposition to her is the Queen of Winter; a man dressed in woman's clothes, with woollen hoods, fur tippets, and the warmest habits one upon another. In this manner are her attendants dressed; and she has also a captain and troop for her defence—each party equipped as emblems of the beauty of Spring and the deformity of Winter. One party is preceded by violins and flutes; the other with the rough music of tongs and cleavers. Both companies march till they meet on a common, and then their trains have a mock engagement. If the Queen of Winter's forces get the better, so as to take the Queen of May prisoner, she is ransomed for as much as pays the expences of the day. After the ceremony, Winter and her company retire, and divert themselves in a barn; and the others remain on the green, when, having danced a considerable time, they conclude the evening with a feast—the Queen with her maids at one table, and the captain, with his troop, at another.

Hunting the Wren.

St. Stephen's day is distinguished here by a very strange custom, the hunting of the wren. Numbers assemble, by day-break in the morning, with long sticks, with which they beat the hedges and bushes, till they start one of those smart little birds from its evening retreat. They then pursue it, with great shoutings, from bush to bush, till the little creature is so tired as to be taken by the hand, or knocked down with the stick of one of its barbarous pursuers. It is then fixed upon the top of a long pole, to which is suspended a red handkerchief by way of a banner; and in

in that manner it is carried round about the town in triumph, which serves as a pretext for begging money or liquor from the inhabitants.

If they can catch, or kill the poor wren, before sun-rising, they firmly believe that it insures a good herring fishery the next season.

What gave rise to such a strange barbarous custom, (which exist in every fishing town in the Isle) I have not yet been able to learn, or, why the tit-wren should be selected as the victim of that day; unless from being the smallest bird upon the island, it is intended or meant as a proper sacrifice to the *Fairies* (the smallest of imaginary beings) in order to appease their ill-will against the fishermen, (who believe they are plagues to them in the herring season) and for the future render them propitious to them.

Your's, &c. I. I. B.

Boxing.

A Hard fought battle lately took place in the yard of the Pewter Platter Inn, in St. John's street, between the noted Jackling, alias Ginger, and a famous pugilist, known by the name of Caleb, the coppersmith; when the former received such a severe drubbing, that he was taken away in a helpless state. This contest was occasioned by their quarrelling while drinking together at the above house.

Remarks upon the Newspaper Accounts of Masquerades, Routs, Balls, &c.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

ATTRACTED by a column in the *Daily Advertiser and Gazetteer*, entitled, *The Fashionable World*, in vain for several weeks past have I looked for the vagaries of the fashionable circles, in which I have the honour to move.

My town residence is in Broad-street, St. Giles's, and as we have our festivities, as well as those of the parishes of St. James's, and St. George's, Hanover-square, I desire to know why we are not now and then to be honoured with a few paragraphs in this fashionable column.

To our cost we have our dining-rooms and drawing-rooms, tastefully tickled up by white washers, house painters, and paper hangers. Our balconies, too, are begun to be trellissed over like cages for Mackaws, but not once has the reparation of any house in our neighbourhood ever been honoured with a place in the fashionable column. And what is most provoking, a corn-cutter's wife, or a Lottery-office Insurance Broker, cannot have their windows cleaned, or a new brass knocker put to their street door, in the above-mentioned parishes of St. James's, or St. George's, Hanover-square, but the public must be informed, when and for what purpose these important improvements took place.

Now, Gentlemen, from a simple statement for the last week only of gay doings in our parish of St. Giles's, which I give from memory, the public shall judge if they are not more worthy of a place in the column of the Fashionable World, than when my Lord ——, of Grosvenor-square, white-washed the walls of his house: or of the charming Mrs. nobody knows who, being detained at Bath by a nervous head-ach; or of the lubberly Mr. Monsoon, from Bengal, being sent by a medical Baronet to Cheltenham for a liver complaint.

St. Giles's Parish, Monday.—The wager of a rump and dozen between

tween Mr. *Giblet*, the poulterer, and Mr. *Crimp*, the fishmonger, was productive of an elegant ball and supper. The lovely Mrs. *Crimp* opened the ball with the dashing *Jack Spicer*, the dry-salter, famed during the summer months, for his frequent voyages by the hoy to Margate, and his gaities there.

The charming Miss *Giblet*, by the almost transparency of her muslin dress, gave a full display of her delicate form and graceful movements in the dance.

A daughter of the Honourable G. H. Esq. by his gipsey wife, made her first *debut* at this ball, introduced by her father. After supper she entertained the company with some delicate sentimental songs of her father's composition, which she accompanied with her dulcimer, to play on which she was instructed by her mother, whose skilful minstrelsy on that instrument, first captivated the susceptible heart of her husband, as mentioned by himself in his life, lately published.

The harmony of the evening was, for a short time, interrupted by a dispute between *Dickey Inkle*, the man's mercer, and *Jame Jumps*, the stay-maker, which was like to have serious consequences, had it not been amicably settled by the lovely Miss *Giblet* condescendingly dancing a reel with the two competitors for her fair hand. It was whispered about the room that she will soon be led to the hymeneal altar by one of these gentlemen. Old G. H. did not dance, though much entreated, but laying aside his shilala, and partaking largely of the bacchanalian joys of the evening, with much good humour he entertained the company with the feats of his youth, and the joys of his dancing days.

Had not his bones still ached from the combat he had about two months since in Piccadilly, with the athletic porter of an irascible monkey, as detailed in a daily paper at the time, he would that evening have attempted the reels of *Bogie*, with "*a lovely Cyprian*," of his acquaintance, whom he chanced to meet there.

The elegant Mrs. *Grub*, is fitting up her country-house, at the bottom of Gray's-inn-lane, in the most tasteful manner. Her husband, indeed, famed for his love of pork griskins, objected, at first, to the pigsty being converted into a water closet, but she soon reconciled him to her improvement, by assuring him it was perfectly genteel.

By the advice of Dr. Brodum, celebrated for his knowledge of female complaints, the delightful Miss *Letitia Piper*, has been recommended to a temporary retirement, as an infallible remedy to get rid of the late protuberance of her shape.

To the joy of all their acquaintance the numerous family of the *Clackets* do not leave town till after the birth-day. As they enliven every place of public resort, with a true spirit of benevolence, they propose, that Margate, Brighton, and Harrowgate, shall then profit by their summer excursions.

I omit particular mention of our accidental hops, charming hot-roll breakfasts, at Kilburn Wells, joyous afternoon parties, at Bagnigge Wells, and other delightful teagardens, in the neighbourhood.

A Quiz.

A Dashing Tailor.

KING's BENCH, May 11.

VAUGHAN *v* MILLER.

THIS was an action to recover the sum of 52l. 1s. 6d. for clothes furnished to the defendant, who is a shoemaker, and who, considering

sidering himself overcharged, had made an offer of 45l. which being refused, issue was joined.

The plaintiff urged the difference of the charges made by tailors residing at the West End of the Town, and those who lived in the City, and called a variety of tradesmen to prove his charges to be such as recognised by the trade, and not at all exorbitant.

Mr. Garrow, in defence, was exceedingly severe on what was stiled the *St. James's cut*, and on *Bond-street fashionables*. In the course of his observations, he remarked, that it had happened some time back that a gentleman, who unfortunately had what was termed a *club-foot*, had applied to Mr. Hobby to fit him with two shoes, which he readily did, writing on them *right* and *left* foot. These shoes chanced to be seen afterwards by some *men of fashion*, who insisted on their shoes in future being sent home with that distinguishing mark. From that circumstance the practice had grown into a custom with the trade, and *no man of fashion* had since put on a shoe that was not first marked *right* or *left*. So it was with tailors at the West End of the Town, who, from *plaiting* and *padding the sleeves* of *fashionables*, had proceeded to mark the arms *right* and *left*, conscious, as he supposed, that if their customers could distinguish one arm from the other, they would *deal* elsewhere.

A variety of Master Tailors from the City were then called, who proved the charges to be of the most exorbitant kind, and agreed that the plaintiff would be well paid if he received 42l. for his bill. One of these, on cross-examination, said, that there were as many *puppies* in the City, as at the West End of the Town, and that fashion prevailed as much in Leadenhall-street as in Pall Mall.

The defendant having paid 45l. into Court, the Jury gave him a verdict.

A Proof that Second Thoughts are Best.

MOLIERE had a house in the village of Auteuil, where he frequently gave suppers to the best company in Paris; but as, from his weak state of health, he was restricted to milk diet, the honours of the entertainment generally devolved on his friend Chapelle, who, happening to be there one evening with Messrs. Nantouillet, Jonsac, Despreaux, Baron, and other distinguished characters, Moliere, as was his custom, retired early, and left his friends to the enjoyment of good wine and sprightly conversation. After a pretty free circulation of the glass, the miseries of life became the subject of discourse, and the company were soon infected with the reveries of the most gloomy philosophy.—"Why (exclaimed Chapelle) not terminate our existence, and sufferings at once? The river is not a hundred yards distant; let us go, my friends, and plunge into its waves!" —The enthusiasm of the intoxicated Poet spread like wildfire; the motion was applauded: and, whilst they were embracing and taking leave of each other, Baron, the actor, who was the most sober of the party, ran up to Moliere, who appeared amongst his friends at the instant they were proceeding to carry their resolution into effect. "How (cried he) am I to be excluded from this noble project, which will imortalize us? I'll go with you—why should I desire life more than yourselves? But hold! a thought strikes me. Won't posterity say that we were impelled to this glorious action more by the influence

Skittles.

fluence of wine than philosophy? No! my friends, let us now go to bed, and, in the morning, we'll all drown ourselves most soberly and seriously."—After some debate his advice was taken, and it is almost unnecessary to add, that the next morning, instead of plunging into the river, these Bacchanalian Philosophers felt more inclined to laugh at their folly, and indulge in the delights of a hearty breakfast.

Rules and Instructions for Playing at the Game of Skittles.

Revised, with Additions, by a Society of Gentlemen.

[With an Etching on the Subject by Mr. Howitt.]

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

As the Game of Skittles is now a favourite amusement, a general guide to remove doubts is become necessary. Stimulated by these considerations, a respectable Society of Gentlemen (who are esteemed good Players) have been induced to draw up the following Rules and Instructions, which they have themselves often lamented the want of; and which, by being inserted in your widely circulated Miscellany, they hope will be found generally useful, but particularly to learners.

Rules.

1. The game is thirty-one. At the beginning the parties must toss up who shall go first; and the party that loses the toss, is allowed to score three towards game. The rubber is generally played.
2. The bowler must stand at the mark with one foot, and from thence deliver his bowl fairly out of his hand; which bowl must run upon the board fixed for that purpose, before it arrives at the frame.
3. If the bowler should throw the bowl in such a manner as to cause it to run double, (as it is commonly called) and any one of the opposite party call out, a foul bowl, if it has not reached the pins, the party must bowl again; but if it arrives at the frame before the opposite party called out foul, whatever number are bowled down are fair.
4. If the bowler does not cause his bowl to run along the board, or touch it in some part, he loses the benefit of bowling.
5. If a bowl runs clearly through the frame, and knocks down any number of pins, the bowl being impeded in its return back again by one of the opposite party, one additional pin must be allowed the person who bowled.
6. If the bowl passes through the frame, and in its return back again strikes a standing pin, and immediately after a rolling, or live pin (as it is called) runs against the falling pin, it shall be deemed fair, because it hit the pin last.
7. If a live pin roll against a standing pin, and the bowl comes on its return against the falling pin, before it is down, it is deemed an unfair pin, because the bowl struck it last.

[It has been thought necessary to allow the two preceding articles in the manner here given, as more disputes have arisen from these circumstances, than from any others; but by observing whether the live pin or the bowl hits the falling pin last, they may be hereafter avoided.]

8. A pin must be allowed to be fairly down, if the whole of the bottom can be seen.
9. If the bowl runs through the frame, and knocks at the head-board, although it may have bowled down many pins, none are allowed fair.
10. If the bowl runs through, or on

on the outside of the frame, and knocks, (i. e. strikes the head-board) and then runs round on the other side the frame, without crossing any part thereof, or touching any of the live pins, the bowler must stand to take his tip with one foot upon the spot where the bowl stopped: and, in tipping from such place, he must take care not to strike the ground with the bowl before it hits the pins; if it does, he loses all the pins he may have struck down.

11. If, in tipping, the bowl is caught or stopped by one of the opposite party, and, in so doing he stops or impedes a live pin, he loses a pin, because he prevented the tipper from receiving the benefit which might arise from a live or rolling pin.

12. If an opposite partner takes up the bowl, in order to prevent its running among the pins, and lets its slip out of his hand, if it hits any of the pins, he loses one for so doing.

13. If a person in tipping, gives a sweep round with his hand, and brings down the ninth, or any other pin, by means of his hand, or coat sleeve, it is deemed unfair, and he must lose one pin. The bowl is to be clearly and fairly delivered from the hand both in bowling and tipping.

14. Care should be taken in tipping not to jump into the frame immediately after, as in this case he is not allowed any of the pins he tips.

15. If you bowl and tip for a limitted number, at the close of the game, and throw down (fair) more than you want, you must go again for (exactly) nine.

N. B. In the ground where these rules are observed, a disinterested person is generally appointed to score the game; and, in disputes (if the case differs from any herein stated, which is hardly possible) his decision is, or should be final.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Bowling.

The art of bowling well, must be acquired in a great measure through practice; yet a little instruction will soon be found very useful, and a proper attention will enable a learner to become a good player.

Let the player hold the bowl in his right hand with the bias from him, with his left foot advanced before his right, which must be at the mark, his body bending towards the frame, but in an easy position; then, with an equal motion, he must throw the bowl along the board, at the same time, with sufficient strength to reach the frame. The left-hand side of the first pin he should endeavour to hit with the bowl, which, if he can accomplish, he will be pretty certain of bringing four or five every time the first pin is hit in that manner.

He must take care not to aim at the first pin in a straight direction, but cause the bowl to form a curved line; by which it will lose something of its force, and strike the pins with much more certainty of success.

TIPPING.

When the learner is going to tip, he should hold the smaller circumference, or opposite side of the bias in the palm of his hand, grasping it very strong with his fingers, as few can be tipped when the bowl is loosely held; he must place his left foot, quite clear of the frame, between the first and ninth pin, and his right foot behind him, in an easy position, and, in such direction, that he may with ease hit his pins in the manner following.

He

He must strike his first and second pins in the middle or largest part, and with the same motion, and instant of time, deliver his bowl at the fourth or bowl pin. Striking them in this manner has the following effect: if you hit the first pin not quite full, it forces it against the middle or fifth pin, from thence to the seventh, and will frequently rebound to the eighth, without any roll.

The second pin, if struck well, will knock down the third; and the fourth, or bowl pin, will strike the sixth; and, if the pins are good, the ninth is often brought down by some of the rolling ones.

When the learner is to tip for four upon game, he should chuse the pins, Nos. 8, 7, 6, and 4, placing his left foot by the side of the frame, with his toe nearly in a line with the bottom of the seventh pin, and right foot behind him; he must strike the three side pins at one motion, at the same time throwing the bowl to No. 4.

To tip for five, let him place his left foot a little to the left of the pin, No. 9, and his other foot behind. He must strike the ninth pin to hit the seventh; the fifth to hit the fourth; and the bowl must knock down the sixth.

When six only are wanted, which are generally thought the most difficult, place the left foot in a line with the opposite angle of the frame, and the other foot behind at a good distance. He must strike the eighth pin full in the middle, which will hit the seventh and sixth, and with the same motion he should hit the middle pin against the third, and the bowl should hit the fourth; by which means he will lay the six fairly down, and if not struck hard, without the danger of their rolling; especially if they are tipped down hill; to do which, he must make the sixth his first pin.

Note.—For the benefit of the learner, the skittles are all numbered in the annexed plate.

Curious Hand-Bill,

Distributed at a recent Masquerade.

SYLVESTER Horticol, Gardener, informs the Nobility and Gentry, that he is provided with a large assortment of native and exotic seeds and plants, which he will sell at the most reduced prices. He begs leave particularly to recommend the following, as well worth the attention of his friends and the public:—A new species of laurel, from Egypt, very rare, but, it is hoped, will flourish in our climate: the original plant grows on the tomb of the brave Abercromby. The Laurus Alexandria; a beautiful variation of the above is shortly expected.—N. B. The common British Laurel has been found of late to require the *sea air* to bring it to perfection.—No Portugal laurels are expected this year.—The true British oak, a hardy plant, that braves all climates.—The poetic bay, a plant very difficult to rear in these times.—A great variety of curious medlars.—Also, a large collection of flowers and flowering shrubs, among which are the following—the maiden-blush rose—the rose without a thorn—both very scarce—the sensitive plant—the ice plant—heart's ease—love lies a bleeding—touch me not—Venus's looking-glass—lady's smock—London pride—none so pretty—two faces under a hood—bachelor's buttons—the bella donna lily—the cuckoo flower—flos adonis—narcissus—the horned poppy—and a great variety of cockscombs and painted ladies, which will be sold cheap, as the market is overstocked with them.—N. B. Mr. Horticol is an adept in the Sexual System

of

of Linnæus, and gives lessons to young ladies on the loves of the plants, and all the occult mysteries of botany, without wounding the most scrupulous delicacy."

COURT *of* KING'S BENCH, *June* 10.

THE KING *v.* ARMSTRONG, ESQ.

[The leading circumstances of the case, which we have detailed at length, in our former numbers, were these:—The Major was brought to a Court-Martial on charges exhibited against him by a Captain Wilson, of the Royal Artillery. General Coote was an evidence, but giving such testimony as the defendant disliked after an interval of twelve months, he wrote him a challenge. For this conduct, General Coote appealed to a Court of Law. His Royal Highness the Commander in Chief had publicly expressed his approbation of the General's conduct.]

MR. Adam prayed the judgment of the Court upon Major Armstrong, for sending a challenge to Major General Coote. The affidavits of the defendant and his brother (a Clergyman) were read. The affidavit of the defendant stated, that he had no malicious intention in imputing to General Coote that he had given false testimony on the trial of the defendant for misbehaviour, as an officer, on the expedition to Ostend; that his feelings being wounded, in consequence of the charges preferred against him, and on which charges he had been acquitted, he was induced to write the letter in question, and which, he now declared, was solely with a view to produce an amicable determination to the misunderstanding, and not intended as a challenge; he expressed his concern for what had occurred, and his readiness to make a satisfactory apology. He also stated, that he had a wife and six infant children, with a very slender support.

Mr. Erskine, for the prosecution, did not wish the Court to inflict heavy punishment. He observed, the defendant now seemed perfectly acquainted with the necessity of subordination. He could not help observing, that, in this stage of the business, apologies were too frequently forced upon the ears of the Court. General Coote is at this moment with the brave army in Egypt, fighting the battles of his country. When he considered the landing of that army in open boats, in the face of the most accomplished army in the world, and their subsequent success, it seemed more like a romance to him than any thing else. If the Court saw any thing on the face of the defendant's affidavits to mitigate the sentence they were about to impose, he did not mean, by any thing he should offer, to aggravate that punishment.

Mr. Adam and Mr. Plowden addressed the Court on behalf of the defendant.

Mr. Justice Grose, previous to his pronouncing the judgment of the Court, delivered a most solemn address to this gentleman; and as it is of great importance to the public, and particularly to the army, it is stated at length.

" Andrew Armstrong — This Court is called upon to pass sentence, on a judgment suffered by default, on an information exhibited against you, charging you with having written a challenge to Major General Eyre Coote, to provoke him to fight a duel. Sitting here, it is my duty, and it is irksome to discharge that duty—irksome in the extreme—but being my duty, I shall not retire from it. It is my duty to make some comments on the enormity of your offence. From the information, we find you were Major in the 11th Regiment of Foot, and that Major-General Eyre Coote was your superior officer, employed in the same expedition

tion as you were, against his Majesty's enemies; that you were, in the month of June, 1799, tried before a Court-Martial, on certain charges of misbehaviour, on which Major-General Coote was produced, and examined as a witness in support of the prosecution. It appears, on affidavit, that he was not on that occasion the prosecutor, but merely a witness, bound to obey the calls of justice on behalf of his country. If, on the subject of those charges your conduct was correct, an acquittal has done ample justice to your character. Whether it was so or not, did not import Major-General Coote to consider; he was bound to obey the process of the law, and to give his evidence before that Court-Martial. In every way of considering the case, your challenge to him, who had been your superior officer, bound by his duty to the public to state, when called on, every thing he knew, was most criminal. Every man who, for a moment, contemplates this novel mode of effecting the justice, due either to the country, or to individuals, must shudder at the idea, that a witness should, on the one hand, decline to say what he knows, at the peril of fine and imprisonment; or, on the other hand, give his evidence at the point of the sword—at the peril of his life. In every country, governed by law, this is a behaviour not to be endured. In that respect, your crime is great. It is aggravated when reading your letter, written, as your Counsel who spoke last, has thought proper to remind us, at the distance of twelve months. I say, that letter, we find, contains not only a challenge to the prosecutor, but a libel on his character—a libel, imputing to him malice and evasion in his evidence, and concluding with a call upon him to satisfy your wounded honour. Honour is a captivating term. It is a pity that the abuse and perversion of that term did not cause it sometimes to signify *disgrace*. It is much to be wished, for the sake of society, that gentlemen, in certain lines of life, using that word, would weigh well its import, and would recollect that true legitimate honour consists in obedience to the laws—in wilfully injuring no man, and doing to others that which we have a right to expect from them. This is not a rule blended and intersected with difficulties and doubts, as the Counsel has stated, but it is a plain honest rule, which every man may follow. There are principles, indeed, among some men—morbid rules of fancied honour, which every good man shudders at, and which, in every well-regulated society, must be held in utter abhorrence—rules, by which the gambler, skilled in the doctrine of chances, may, with perfect honour, pick the pocket of his companion, and send him a beggar to his injured wife and children, to lament his own folly, and his friend's fraud. In the same detestable code of morality, it is written, that the man who treacherously violates his friend's bed, may, with perfect honour, accept his challenge, and take away his life; and so murder becomes the honourable atonement for adultery. Subject to these observations, and on the principles of true moral rectitude, you will do well, in your closet, to weigh under what denomination your honour comes, which assumes to be wounded by an officer of superior rank, obeying the calls of justice to his country, and under that compulsion giving his evidence in a Court-Martial; and seeking (for that your challenge does) how to take away the life of him who has most honourably endured in the act of obeying

obeying the law, and has bid defiance to those laws of barbarism, which some men, forgetful of morals and their obligations to society, have deemed laws of honour. But the line of conduct pursued by each of you, connot be described in so appropriate terms as we find it has been in the letter written by his Royal Highness the Commander in Chief. In this letter, your conduct is most properly considered as militating no less against every principle of public justice than against the discipline of the army; and in this letter, Major-General Coote having had recourse to the laws of his country on this occasion, is considered as being highly pleasing to his Majesty, as being truly commendable in a soldier, and peculiarly becoming the station he held in his Majesty's service, to which it is stated he has rendered a material benefit, by furnishing an example, which his Majesty has ordered to be pointed out as worthy the imitation of every officer under similar circumstances. That his Majesty's most gracious approbation of the conduct of Major-General Coote may be more known to mankind, and particularly to officers who shall hereafter be in the same situation in which he has been, who, by imitating his example, will pursue the line of legitimate honour, I have read the express words of his Royal Highness. And that all the world may know in what view a Court of Justice will consider the consequence of pursuing a line of conduct like your's, equally militating against the principles of public justice and the discipline of the army,—this Court doth order and adjudge, that you pay a fine to the King of thirty marks, and that you be imprisoned in the prison of this Court for twelve calendar months, and at the expiration of that time, that you give security for your good behaviour for the space of five years, yourself in 1000l. and two sufficient sureties in 250l. each; and that you be farther imprisoned until that fine be paid, and that security given."

Parochial Procession at Windsor,

Feelingly described by one of the Partakers of the Good Things.

Extract of a Letter from Windsor, May 15, 1801.

"ON Monday morning, the Vicar, Mayor, and Churchwardens, and many of the inhabitants, assembled at the Town Hall, in order to perambulate the boundaries of the parish. Charters and privileges should be jealously watched, every right and immunity belonging to a town or district should be carefully preserved, and the man who dares to violate or infringe on a *good custom*, should be flogged at the stocks; and he who tamely submits to the *curtailment* of *a parochial privilege*, should be deprived of his common freedom, and caged for his roguish or idle inactivity; custom is often the tyrant of fools, but it sometimes guides the man of wisdom. The inhabitants of this town have shewn their attachment to her laws, by insisting on their observance; in their late perambulations, there are certain *bound-houses*, where the principal part of the cavalcade have been entertained with refreshments, &c. from time immemorial, and this they claim as a prescriptive right; nor has that right been opposed in the present instance, though I *cannot say all have acted equally liberal*, as you must acknowledge from the following particulars:—The first day they were handsomely and plentifully regaled at Frogmore, the beautiful and delightful seat of her Majesty; here the fascinating charms

charms of the place were rendered more charming by John Bull's favourite dish, roast beef and plumb-pudding, with ham, veal, lamb, &c. The cravings of nature being satisfied, the sparkling glass was briskly circulated; and, when his Majesty's better health was drank, every eye sparkled with hope, and the emotions of the heart burst forth in three times three; the Royal Family were also given; after which some merry and loyal songs were sung, and the company departed, highly satisfied with the fatigue and pleasures of the day. Though provisions are dear, yet we were in the land of plenty, and the pleasure was not the least abated when we knew that a *good price* attended every thing at table.

"Next day the company continued their *jambulations*, (as a clipper of words called it) the preceding day was hot and dry: this was very different, or rather indifferent, for the clouds clothed themselves in mourning; and, if mourning and weeping were necessarily connected, some of these troubled masses began to sprinkle their tears upon our procession. It was a woeful sight—dripping, dragging, running, soaking; there were many jokes passing, but not a dry joke to be found; nor was Sir John Falstaff, after his ducking at Datchet Mead, more completely soaked than our Mayor. Upon our arrival at Cranbourn Lodge, the Parson and *Clarke* shook hands, and offered a prayer to Hygeia, to protect them from colds, rheumatisms, &c. After which, the *Clarke* said, *all men* for a glass of brandy. Here was another glorious treat; and the company eagerly opposed cold chills and fevers, by "cramming the inward man," and thus prevent the enemy from entering. Here the tables groaned beneath the mighty feast of plenty, and good humour went hand in hand. Toasts and songs were served up by way of desert, and mirth and loyalty presided at the table. The worthy vicar gave good grace, and proceeded with some loyal toasts; when it was said, that every Parson should have a good *Clarke*—that we have in the present instance, said a gentleman, for we are honoured with a good one of each, in the present company; and, what is more, some true-hearted Britons also.—The vicar and churchwardens were here toasted with three times three; and the company returned home.

"Wednesday was commenced under favourable appearances, as the company were handsomely entertained at the pleasant villa of Townley Ward, Esq. who declared he was highly pleased with the *cause*, and would readily join *issue*. This day completed our perambulating the Hamlet of Dedworth, and returned, music playing and colours flying to the foot of the Hundred Steps, where the Dean and Canons provided them a dinner, and one dozen of wine. Bacchus peeped into the room, and finding but little of his favourite juice on the table, he flew off in a passion, and was particularly chagrined when he heard that some loyal *toasts* were made *without any thing to dip them in*. The company then quitted the room, and though many prayers were offered, I did not hear of one bestowed on the founders of the feast. At the Town-hall, the Churchwardens treated the mobility (for such sort of gentlefolks will always attend these processions) with a barrel of Windsor ale.

"All's well that ends well.

SHAKESPEAR."

NEW

NEW PUBLICATION OF FARRIERY.

The Anatomy and Physiology of the Horse's Foot, concisely described; with Practical Observations on Shoeing; together with the symptoms of, and most approved remedies for, the Diseases of Horses. With fourteen illustrative Plates. Dedicated by Permission to the President, Committee, and Members of the Commercial Traveller's Society. By James White, Veterinary Surgeon to his Majesty's First, or Royal Dragoons.—Chapman, Fleet-street.

This useful little Publication appears to be the result of enquiry, founded upon the new principles of the Veterinary College. Mr. White dedicates his performance to the President, Committee, and Members of the Commercial Traveller's Society. In his Preface, he says,

"WHEN it is considered how many valuable Horses are daily becoming unserviceable, from a variety of diseases, although several books have been published on the Art of Farriery, it is hoped that an apology will not be thought necessary for offering these Observations to the public. It is only since the institution of the Veterinary College, that the anatomy and physiology of the horse have been properly investigated in this country, and the effects of medicine on this useful animal correctly ascertained; from these sources the art has derived considerable improvement: and there is reason to hope, from the liberal attention shewn to it by government, and the flourishing state of the institution, that it's progress will be continued, and its advantages more generally diffused.

"No one will dispute, that in building a house it is absolutely necessary to begin with laying a firm foundation; and it is of no less consequence in studying the healing art, first to be well acquainted with the structure and general economy of the animal that is to become the subject of its operations—this is the only basis on which an useful practice can be formed—the only guide to be depended on. He who undertakes to study the science of medicine, has an easier task to perform than the veterinary surgeon; for, in every age, almost from the earliest accounts of history, have the greatest genius and industry been employed in investigating the diseases and anatomy of the human body, and the result of those enquiries has been carefully handed down to us, so that the medical student has an opportunity of making himself acquainted with the experience of ages. The veterinarian has none of these advantages, he has but few books of credit to consult, and his unfortunate patient is destitute of the power of giving him any description of his feelings, or of pointing out the seat of his pain; in short, every thing depends upon the talents and assiduity of the practitioner; for, until the veterinary college was founded, the art was confined to the most illiterate men, who, perfectly ignorant of every thing necessary for them to know, rashly and indiscriminately dispensed poisons and caustics among the unfortunate animals that happened to fall into their hands. Though the Veterinarian has made himself familiar with the anatomy and physiology of the horse, and has been regularly instructed in the composition and operation of medicine, there is still much for him to learn; there are many diseases which are very imperfectly understood, and some that have hitherto proved incurable. He has adopted, however, the only plan for bringing the art to perfection; he has begun by laying a secure foundation, and is now carefully

and gradually erecting the superstructure.

The author would embrace this opportunity of paying some tribute of acknowledgment to the merits of the present director of the veterinary institution, but he is fully aware that the judicious system upon which it is conducted, as well as the great and progressive advantages arising from it, bear a stronger and more important testimony to his zeal and superior talents, than any thing he could offer. From the abilities of the present professor, exerted under the sanction of parliament, and the immediate patronage of some high and distinguished personages, the art has derived such considerable improvement, that we may hope to see the most useful of animals rendered still more useful, and at the same time encourage the gratifying reflection, that the immense labours of the horse may be performed with more ease to himself, and under less pressure of disease or cruelty, than they have hitherto been.

"The art being quite in its infancy, he has not attempted to write systematically upon the subject; he has merely described those diseases which have fallen under his own observation, and has pointed out the remedies he has found most effectual; had he even possessed the ability, it would have been superfluous to have attempted embellishing the book with any beauties of language; he has studied to adopt a style best calculated to render clear and perspicuous, whatever he wished to inculcate, and for any inaccuracies that may occur, he craves the indulgence of the reader."

[We shall take some future opportunities to furnish a few extracts from this ingenious Publication.]

FROM PRATT'S GLEANINGS.

THE OLD HORSE ON HIS TRAVELS.

Related by his Master.

THE whole life of this poor slave, till within the two last years, has been a continued trial of strength, labour, and patience. He was broken to the bit by a Yorkshire jockey, to be rode the moment he was fit for service by an Oxonian scholar, who, whatever might have been his learning in the abstruser sciences, was little conversant in the rudiments of humanity, though they are level with the lowest understanding, and founded on the tender code of that great law-giver, who has told us, "a just man is merciful to his beast." During the very first vacation, this sprightly youth so completely outrode the strength of his steed, that he sold him, on the same day that he regained his college, at the recommencement of the term, for two guineas, to one of those persons who keep livery-stables, and at the same time have horses to let. It was not easily possible for a poor wretch, so badly situated before, to change so much for the worse: and, of all the fates that attend a hackney horse, that which belongs to the drudge of a public university is the most severe; it is even harder than that of the servitors of the college. He remained in this servitude, however, sixteen years, during which he was a thousand times not only priest-ridden, but parish-ridden, and yet was rarely known to stumble, and never to fall. Is it not questionable whether half the parishioners, or even the priests (with reverence be it spoken), could say as much for their *own* travels in the rugged journey of life? His master, rather from policy than compassion, thought it

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most for his future interest to allow his four-footed servant a short respite, and he was accordingly favoured with a month's run in what is called a salt-marsh; but, before his furlow was expired, he was *borrowed* by some smugglers, who then infested the coast, and who made him the receiver of contraband commodities, as well as aider and abettor in practices, which, like many other underhand actions, are best carried on in the night-time. We say *borrowed*, because, after a winter's hard work in the company of these land pirates, the horse was thrown up by his temporary employers in the very marsh out of which he had been pressed into their service, and a leathern label, on which was marked this facetious intelligence, fastened to his fetlock —*Owner, I have been smuggled.* By these means he unexpectedly came again into his quondam master's possession, out of which, however, he departed the summer after, in the society of an old fellow-commoner, who, after many years close confinement in the cloisters, was disposed to relinquish them in favour of a piece of church-preferment in Norfolk, which happened to be in the gift of a lady about his own standing in life, and who, in the days of her youth, avowed so strong a partiality for this gentleman, that her father, disapproving her alliance with a person, who had only the hopes of a curacy before his eyes, thought fit to clog her inheritance, over which he had complete authority, with a formidable condition of forfeiting the whole estates, should she marry a son of the church: shutting out, hereby, the whole body of divinity, to exclude the aforesaid individual member. Faithful, however, to the merits of the man who had won her heart, she was glad to find that the parental tyranny, which had tied her hand, had left free her fortune; she, therefore, took the first opportunity to present the object of her early choice with the only piece of service in her power,—a presentation to the living of which she was become the patroness, thinking this a better evidence of her still existing partiality, than if she had set fortune at defiance, and sacrificed not only her own advantages, but her lover's, in gratifying a passion which would have impoverished both. An example of tenderness, this, well worthy the imitation of more romantic minds. It was to be inducted to this living our learned clerk now journeyed on the ancient steed whose memoirs I am now writing, and, as he did not intend to revisit the banks of the Isis, and had often been securely carried to a neighbouring chapel, where he officiated, on the back of this identical horse, he purchased him, to the intent that he should get into a good living also. But the turbulent part of this poor brute's adventures was not yet performed. His patron died without himself deriving what might have been expected from his benefice; and, soon after the decease of the master, the servant fell into the hands of a man in the same parish, who, to a variety of other endeavours to subsist a large and needy family, added that of letting out occasionally a horse. Our hero, still unbroken in either knees or constitution, was deemed fit for his purpose, and, being thought of little value, was obtained at an easy price. His new master removed soon after to Lowestoft, which you know is a considerable sea-bathing town by the sea-side, in the county of Suffolk, where the toils imposed by his Oxford tyrant were more than accumulated; for, besides dragging a cart all the morning with loads of bread, (a baker being amongst the businesses of his master) he was

on account of his gentle disposition, the horse fixed upon to take a couple of gouty invalids in the bathing-machine, after the more vigorous divers and dippers had finished their ablutions. In the afternoon he was harnessed to the London post coach, which daily past from Lowestoff to Yarmouth. The next morning, by day-break, he came with the return of the said coach, and was then ready for the diurnal rotation at home, unless a more profitable offer happened to take him another way. Four years of his life were passed in this miserable round of labours, and it was at this period of his history he and I became acquainted.

My affections were engaged, and I was pre-determined to make a present to them of this horse, for a sight of which I immediately sent my servant: but, when he was led to the door of my friend's house, and though my resolution to mark him for my own grew firmer, as I gazed upon his pity-moving carcase, I totally gave up all ideas of his utility. The owner himself confessed he was almost done up; at which thought a long sigh ensued, and a confession that he had been the chief support of the family; observing, while he patted his neck, that the poor fellow might be said not only to carry his children's bread to be sold, but to make it.—"But it's all over with you now, my old boy, (continued the baker) you may get me through the autumn, maynap, and then—"—"What then?" said I.—"He must hobble away to the kennel."—"To the kennel?"—"Even so, master:—what must be, must be: I can't afford to let him die by inches; and, if I could, I don't see the humanity of that: better give him to the dogs while they can make a meal of him, and pay me a small matter for their entertainment.—He will, however, carry you, honour this month to come creditably."

Pre-determined as I said to spare the remains of this poor wretch, I bought him on the spot, convinced that it would be difficult to find any other person who would receive him on any terms. His appearance was such as would have justified Rosinante in refusing his acquaintance on the etiquette of comparative poverty. The association would have disgraced that celebrated spectre; nor did Quixote himself exhibit so woeful a countenance. If ever, therefore, I could boast of an action purely disinterested, and which had unalloyed compassion for its basis, it was the giving five times more than he was worth, that is to say, five guineas, for this old horse; intending only, at the time, that he should pass the residue of his days in peaceful indolence, broke in upon by the infirmities of life, and die a natural death. To this end I obtained him the run of a friend's park, where I considered him as a respectable veteran retired on a pension. In this verdant hospital he remained, unsought, unseen, a whole year; at the end of which, being invited to pass the Christmas with the noble and generous owners of the park aforesaid, I paid a visit also to my pensioner, who had grown so much beyond himself on their unmeasured bounty, that he seemed to be renovated. Do not wonder that I scarce knew him in his improvements, for he appeared not to know himself. The poor fellow's very character was inverted; the alteration reached from head to heel: he neighed, snorted, kicked, and frolicked about the pasture, on my first attempt to stop him, with the airs of a silly foal. I reminded him that he ought to deport more humbly, considering the melancholy situation from

from which he was but recently delivered; yet, so far from paying any attention, he turned from my morality with another snort of disdain, tossed up his saucy head, and threw up his heels, wholly forgetting, like other ingrates, his former condition. Like them too, he appeared to consider the world now made for him; and, therefore, betwixt jest and earnest, I was resolved once more to shew him he was made for the world.

The very next day I caused him to be taken from his green recess, and performed the tour of the environs on his back. More airily, more pleasantly, I could not have been carried, nor, towards the end of the ride, more soberly. The spirit which he shewed in the pasture was but as the levities of a hearty and happy old age in the plenitude of uncurbed leisure; like the gaiety of a veteran, who, finding himself in health, might take it into his head to finish in a country-dance; but these are sallies for a moment. Ah! my friend, how many poor starving wretches, worn down by their cruel taskmasters, goaded like this horse by the 'whips and spurs of the time,' and driven out of one hard service to another, might, like him, be rescued, in the extremity, at small expence, and by the hand of bounty be protected from farther rigours! even till they were renewed for a serviceable, instead of a diseased old age! How many half-famished, hard-ridden creatures of the human race, I say, might, in like manner, be replenished. Reject not this long story, this episode, this heroi-comi-epic if you please; but I cannot allow you to call it a digression. You will admit it to be in point when you are given to understand, that on this very horse, thus restored by a little indulgence, I have measured a thousand miles, and find my associate in sufficient heart to measure a thousand more. In the four-and-twentieth year of his age we sallied forth; and if the master had, in the course of his travels, made as few trips, as few false steps, as the servant, he might be a match for the safest goer on the road of life.

Matrimonial Sporting.

HIGH COURT OF CHANCERY, June 10.

ELOPEMENT AND CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

MR. Cox moved the Court on Monday last, that a Mr. Priestley should be ordered to appear before the Lord Chancellor, to answer for his having eloped with, and clandestinely married, Elizabeth Lambe, spinster, an heiress, and ward of the Court of Chancery.

Mr. Priestley accordingly appeared this day, and stated, by his Counsel, Mr. Owen, that he had married the young lady in question, who was seventeen years of age, without knowing that any suit had been instituted by which she was placed under the immediate protection of the Court. That this application was made on the part of the two uncles and testamentary guardians of his wife, both of whom he had visited with her, subsequent to their intermarriage; that he was willing to do whatever should be deemed right with regard to settling his wife's property upon herself, as the Court should direct: that he had done every thing in his power towards the adjustment of that property, and had joined for that purpose in filing a bill of reviver; that therefore, as he was desirous of acting honourably towards his wife, and was ignorant of her being a ward of

of the Court, he trusted his Lordship would not deal coercively, or with severity towards him.

Mr. Cox said, it was extremely unpleasant to him to state facts reflecting upon the character of any one, but, so far was Mr. Priestley from having acted with that propriety which entitled him to the lenity of the Court, he had artfully concealed, in his affidavit, every one of the aggravated circumstances under which the marriage had taken place. The facts of the case were, that this young lady, who was heiress to a considerable fortune in Lincolnshire, had been placed by her friends at a boarding-school in the neighbourhood of Camberwell, kept by Mr. Priestley's two sisters. In what situation of life Mr. Priestley had been before, or how he had conducted himself, it was unnecessary at present to state in aggravation of his offence; it was sufficient to observe, that he was in the humble capacity of an assistant writing-master, in the school kept by his sisters, where this young lady had the misfortune to be sent for her education; a character in which he was introduced, no doubt, for the purpose of making a prey of her fortune. The boarding-school was in the parish of Lambeth, where the marriage had been solemnized; but it appeared the banns had been published in the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn: it was wished that his Lordship would direct an inquiry to be made, in order to ascertain the circumstances under which the marriage had taken place.

Mr. Owen trusted his Lordship would not think it necessary to commit Mr. Priestley.

Lord Chancellor (Eldon).—"Did the Clergyman of Lambeth, who married these parties, make no enquiry as to the situation and connections of so young a lady? I must have that fact inquired into. As to the request, that this person might be treated with lenity, I see nothing in his conduct that merits it. If men think proper to marry such young girls from boarding-schools, they must expect to be committed. What is it, Mr. Owen, you state, as the propriety of Mr. Priestley's conduct? he has produced an affidavit, in which he has sunk every circumstance of the case. Have you been informed, who were the persons who gave the notice to the Minister to publish the banns? for I will certainly have that party brought before me. Let Mr. Priestley stand committed to the Fleet, and let the master be directed to enquire into all the circumstances that led to the marriage; namely, where the banns were published; who gave the instructions for publishing them; where the parties were married, and in whose presence; how far the persons who kept the boarding-school, where this lady was, or any of their servants, were privy to, or assisting in, the transaction. Let the master also enquire and state the amount and nature of the property to which she is entitled. As to the offer of this Priestley to make a settlement of it upon his wife, it would have been impudence itself, if he ever had had a thought of touching one farthing of it."

Mr. Priestley was accordingly conveyed to the Fleet prison, till the master shall have made his report.

The Two Famous Crim. Con. Causes.

COURT of KING's BENCH, May 17.

C. STURT, ESQ. v. THE MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD.

MR. Jekyll opened the pleadings, and stated, that this was an action against the defendant for

for criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife.

Mr. Erskine said, he stood there as counsel for Mr. Sturt, a gentleman of rank in Dorsetshire, and a Member of Parliament, who claimed redress at their hands, having suffered the greatest evil which man could possibly suffer; in having had the affections of his wife seduced from him. He had so often been placed in the situation of counsel for persons complaining of the same injury, and seeking redress from the law, that he really was at a loss how to address the Jury. It was irksome to go over and over again the same topics. It must be equally irksome to the Court over and over again to advise exemplary damages; yet, notwithstanding all that had been done, he was sorry to say, that the morals of the world, in this particular, were very little mended. The defendant, in the present cause, was a man of very high rank, son to the Duke of Marlborough; and heir to those estates with which the public had paid the merited services of his great ancestor. It was a painful task to open the case against him, and it were most ardently to be wished that persons in his exalted situation would not furnish topics to those who declaimed against the corruption of the higher classes. An instance of which they had that day heard in Court. Mr. Sturt, the plaintiff, married Lady Mary Anne, the daughter of Lord Shaftesbury, in the year 1788, when the Marquis of Blandford was but a young man. Other family connexions afterwards took place, which was the cause of the greatest intimacy between the families. The Marquis was also a married man: he had married a daughter of Lord Galloway, who visited Mr. Sturt's family, so that there was not the least suspicion that he was undermining the happiness and honour of the plaintiff. Indeed, so reservedly and cautiously, had he conducted himself in this criminal intercourse, that it was not in their power to furnish the usual evidence of the guilt of the parties. From the circumstance of Mr. Ashley, Lady Sturt's brother, having married the Marquis's sister, and thus connecting the families by marriage, though not by blood, warranted those familiarities, which, in common cases, might have excited observation. In the present case he must admit that no inference could be drawn from them. And, but for a mere accident, Mr. Sturt would not have been in possession of sufficient manifestation of the wrong he had suffered, and he would have been in the mortifying situation of knowing, that his wife had imposed a spurious issue upon him, without the power of vindicating himself. Those circumstances which furnished to Mr. Sturt the proof of the wrong he had sustained, he would now lay before the Jury. He originally meant to lay before the Jury one letter only, and upon that letter to ask for their verdict. He was aware, however, that it might have been thought too much, without corroborating that letter by a train of correspondence.—That train of correspondence they had, and would lay them before the Jury. In it they would see what Mr. Sturt discovered, namely, that the child with which Lady Sturt was pregnant at the time he intercepted the letters, was not his but the Marquis's. When Mr. Sturt discovered this fact, he acted in a manner highly creditable to his humanity: he would not shock her, and endanger the fruit of her womb, by letting her know, in that advanced state of her pregnancy, that he had discovered her guilt, but he concealed

cealed it from her six weeks, until she had recovered from her lying in. Then he obliged her to leave his house. The manner in which the amour was discovered was as follows: Mr. Sturt, like other families of distinction, had a bag which was carried to the Post-office to fetch and carry their letters. In this bag he found a letter from the Marquis to his wife, sufficiently indicating the footing they were upon. The Marquis had been in the habit of corresponding with the Lady, but the ostensible letter was merely an envelope to conceal another private one for the lady. The one was generally known to the husband; the other, as might be supposed, was concealed from him. The Jury would find that after this letter was intercepted, he thought the lady's silence proceeded from a change in her mind, and in that opinion he wrote again, complaining bitterly of her inconstancy. The Jury would also see by the letters, that when the husband had complained to a near relation of his lady's, who had remonstrated with her, that he still persisted, and would have persuaded her, "*not to be reasoned or frightened out of her love for him.*" But there was one letter to which he should hasten, and upon which alone he should think himself entitled to their verdict. It was dated the Sunday night after the delivery of the lady, and which plainly evinced that he considered himself as the father of the child. In addition to this, it would further appear that he determined to leave his beautiful wife and lovely offspring, and retire for ever to a distant and foreign country, essaying every possible means to drive the unhappy lady to deeper wretchedness and destruction. He had already told the Jury, that he had no parole evidence, but must rest his case on the letters he should produce.

The register of the marriage was produced, by which it appeared that they were married 14th April, 1788.

The Rev. George Marsh, rector of Crich-hill, said, that he knew Mr. and Lady Sturt, and that they appeared to live happily together.

Captain Saville said he knew them; he was on a visit at Brounper Castle, when Mr. Sturt had the miraculous escape from drowning. He thought Lady Mary attended him with great affection; never more so than upon that occasion.

Mr. Breton visited them, and thought they lived in mutual affection.

William Bell, surgeon, at Pool, in Dorsetshire, attended the family of Mr. Sturt for four years. He attended him in his illness after his escape from drowning. Lady Mary was very attentive to him, but he thought her manner was rather cold.

A Mr. King, an apothocary, proved the letters to be the handwriting of the Marquis of Blandford.

The letters were then put in and read, they were to the number of eighteen, but without any date, except of the day of the week. They were in general written in a stile of the most vehement passion. He complained of her not answering his letters, and "declared he was never happy but when writing to her." In another, he alludes to Lady Shaftesbury, and desires her "not to be frightened or reasoned out of the remains of love for him;" again, "that whatever militates against their love, cannot be acceptable in the eye of Providence." In another, he declares that Lady Blandford, his wife, is alarmed for him, "as he frequently breaks into tears, and talks in his sleep." In the

the letter last alluded to by the learned Counsel, he says, "that Heaven, indulgent to his wishes and prayers, had now given them a dear pledge of their eternal love." He continues, "Oh my wife, my love, how poor a conveyance is language to tell what I feel—suffer the dear babe to be a cement of our love and affection. Love the father, and never be ashamed of the workings of nature and sympathy. Love your little Georgina for your George, your husband, your love, &c."—In the last letter he gives her an account of his determination to go to Switzerland, where his only solace will be her picture and her letters, one of which he says was so very kind, that "it should be buried with him in his coffin."

The Attorney General said, that most certainly many things had occurred in the progress of this cause, which were painful to the feelings of a moral mind; and, however much circumstances at first view seemed to condemn the conduct of the aggressor, yet, when they considered that this cause came before them, claiming a recompence for what the plaintiff had suffered, it became important to observe a little how he had conducted himself. If it should appear that at the time when his wife was in this criminal intercourse, that he was accessary to it, that he was privy to the whole of it, that in fact he was aiding those circumstances which produced her shame and his dishonour; if it should appear that he was openly living with another woman in a state of adulterous concubinage, that he had children of that concubinage, and that his wife could not but know of that connection on the part of her husband—If she was deprived of these solaces, which it was the object of the married life to obtain, though she could not stand morally excused for her criminal conduct, yet it was for the Jury to say what claim the husband had to call for damages, when he had so misconducted himself. He should ill deserve the attention which he received of the Court, if he were to attempt to deny the adulterous correspondence between the parties; the proof indeed was somewhat new, but it was, he admitted, decisive; the whole series of the letters confirmed the fact. He had attended with the utmost diligence during the whole time that the series of letters were reading, in order to discover whether there was any expression of apprehension of being discovered by the plaintiff. Throughout the whole series of letters, in number no less than eighteen, there was not one word that if they were betrayed, that the husband would suffer one moment's uneasiness. The Marquis complained that the lady had exiled him from the house; but in no instance did he express any apprehension from the opposition of the husband. He asked the Jury, was it proper or befitting conduct in any husband to suffer his wife to carry on a continued correspondence with any man, such as was stated to be done in this case, without descending to watch his wife? It was but natural for a man to wish to know what was going on: and from what appeared, it might fairly be inferred, that he knew what was going on; but that the Marquis of Blandford was so convenient to him, that he chose "to put his horns in his pocket!" The whole language of the letters indicated that he knew of the intimacy subsisting between the Marquis and his wife, and that he set her on to interrupt the connection, not daring to come forward manfully and do it himself. Such was the fair inference to be drawn from the letters; and before he could

claim damages at their hands, he must come himself with clean hands into Court; or, in other words, with an unsullied conscience. Before he proceeded, however, to comment upon the correspondence, he would tell them that he lived in a state of concubinage with Madam Krumpholtz, the harp player; that he had several children by her, and that one of them bore the name of Henry Sturt Krumpholtz. How then could that man claim damages for the loss of domestic comfort who had thus abandoned his wife? How could he complain of the devious conduct of his wife, when he had set her the example? He declared he was never so much surprised as when he heard the present action was brought, to claim redress for a deed which all the world supposed him well acquainted with. But to return to the correspondence. All the letters imported that they should receive no disturbance from the husband: from him the Marquis expected no check; but his complaint was, that he was repelled by the advice of Lady Shaftesbury; but what he wished the Jury most particularly to advert to was, that he carried on a correspondence with the Marquis six weeks after he knew the fact. By a letter of the 14th of January, when his wife lay-in of a spurious child, and the fact within his knowledge, he writes to the Marquis, and apologizes for his wife's not answering his letters. Why, then, did he wear the mask? Plainly, because he had worn it before; and he would venture to assert, that at that moment he had not made up his mind to break the connection. If he had felt as an innocent and injured man would have felt upon such an occasion, why did he not go to some family friend and disburthen the agony of his soul? Because he had no agony to disburthen, he had no feelings lacerating his mind. He would give the Jury a specimen of what his feelings were, by reading a letter of his, dated November 11, to the Lady Shaftesbury:—" We are not very gay, but dressed very fine.—The Marquis is here, with trinkets on his fingers, and dressed very spruce. —My wife too, with her necklaces, *bracelets*, lion clasp, and fine gown, the presents of the noble Marquis—I think they would better become the Marchioness, but she does not seem a favourite —he is a d—d odd fellow; I don't know what to make of him; but when he comes here he makes it up somehow."—How he makes it up, Gentlemen of the Jury, said the Attorney General, it is not very difficult to conceive. Mr. Sturt goes on, and makes a little free with his kind friend the Marquis, for he adds—" I forgot to tell you, I am annoyed with his musical composition, and his present subject is the Death of the Wren." Surely this letter gave some intimation of what were his feelings. It had been asked of some witnesses how the plaintiff and his wife lived together? But none had been called *a secretibus*, if he might so say—none of the servants who had constant opportunities of seeing and judging of that point.—One of them, indeed, partly said, that her manner was very cold—as cold indeed as the element from which he had just then escaped.—How could it be otherwise? Could she have any affection for the husband who had deserted, and was spending his days with *a harping woman*? He had seen Mr. Sturt, he had done worse, he had heard him, and though he did not appear more somnolent than usual with persons of his habit, yet he constantly retired to bed at eight or nine o'clock, leaving

leaving the Marquis and his wife to sup alone. He would go on a water-party, and leave the Marquis to ride with his wife. If ever she went to a party of pleasure, when dress might be supposed to add charms to female beauty, and mirth and gaiety kindle more than usual warmth in the blood, on all such occasions she was consigned to the care of the Marquis. If all this was not as plain a licence as was ever pleaded to a trespass, he knew not what was. Mr. Sturt could not be ignorant of what was fitting to be done. He must know the world, and the gay and dissipated world in its largest scale. There were some of the parties in this business upon whom he looked with pity. He pitied the unfortunate lady, the victim of her husband.—But the cold-blooded husband himself, who eat and drank his wife, who sold her for trinkets, he was with him as he must be with the Jury, an object only of contempt and detestation. He would lay the evidence before the Jury; from which they would see who was the cause of the evil; who it was had destroyed the peace of two noble families. And here he must remark, that the learned Gentleman on the other side had not produced the appropriate envelopes, under cover of which, they asserted the other letters were conveyed.——"Gentlemen, (said the learned Counsel) it is for the interest of the morals of the country that when a case of clear seduction is made out, to give large and exemplary damages.—I have always been the advocate of that doctrine, and shall ever continue so; but I contend that the interests of morality are not less consulted by repelling a claimant, who comes soiled and sullied into Court, like the present, who is the pander of his own dishonour and his wife's lust, and who is himself the seducer, the corrupter, and destroyer of her virtue and happiness."—The Attorney General having concluded, the witnesses on the part of the defendant were called.

Mrs. Oney stated, that she had lived with Madam Krumpholtz, and that she had seen Mr. Sturt there, but never in the bed-room.

Sarah Carey—Four years ago lived with Madam Krumpholtz, and took care of a child; it was named Henry Sturt Krumpholtz—she had seen Mr. Sturt there at all times; she had seen them in bed together continually.

Mary Law lived in the Edgware Road, next door to Madam Krumpholtz: in the year 1796, she frequently saw Mr. Sturt and her together.

Some of the servants were called, but they proved nothing important, except that Mr. Sturt sometimes went to bed leaving the Marquis and Lady Mary Anne alone.

Several letters from Mr. Sturt to the Marquis were then put in and read, dated 9th Jan. 1799, 12th Dec. 1799, 4th Feb. 1800, 20th Dec. 1800, in which he acknowledges the receipt of presents and obligations from the Marquis.

The last letter was dated 14th January, 1801, after he had intercepted the Marquis's letters, and after Lady Mary Anne had lain in. He there acquaints the Marquis that she was brought to bed, and that she and the child were both well—that she had received the Marquis's three last letters, but that she was too ill to answer them; and he confirms the truth of it by adding, that he had written other letters for her

Mr. Erskine replied with considerable ingenuity. He contended that it could not be inferred from the letters that Mr. Sturt was party to his wife's dishonour; but he admitted

mitted that his connexion with Madame Krumpholtz must lessen the measure of damages.

Lord Kenyon, in summing up, said he agreed with the learned Counsel who led the cause, in lamenting that they had so frequently to go over the same grounds—he, with the assistance of Juries, had long attempted to repress the vice of adultery, but large damages had hitherto produced but little effect. Whether contempt would be more efficacious he could not determine, if indeed contempt could affect vicious minds. In looking over the letters, produced in the cause, they must feel very different sensations towards different characters. When he saw in one of the Marquis's—"That Lady Blandford was alarmed for him, because he frequently burst into tears and talked in his sleep"—he sincerely pitied that unfortunate lady. She was the daughter of a Noble Earl and Countess, who gave all their children a virtuous education; and indeed of that family it might be said, what was said in a neighbouring abbey of another illustrious family, "*That all the daughters were virtuous, and all the sons were valiant.*" He was not personally acquainted with the sons, but one of our greatest Naval Commanders had told him, that there was no man in England but might be proud of such a son as Lord Garnes.

His Lordship then went through the detail of the evidence, and concluded by observing, that he thought it could not support the action.

The Jury, after a short deliberation, returned a verdict for the plaintiff—damages, One Hundred Pounds.

MAY 28.

THE HON. W. F. WYNDHAM *v.* THE EARL OF WYCOMBE.

Mr. Tripp opened the pleadings, by which the plaintiff complained that the defendant made an assault on the wife of the plaintiff, and had criminal conversation with her, to the plaintiff's damage of Ten Thousand Pounds. Plea, Not Guilty; upon which issue was joined.

The Attorney General, in his address to the Jury, stated, that the plaintiff in this case was the Hon. William Frederick Wyndham, third son of the late, and brother to the present, Earl of Egremont.—It was necessary that the Jury should know the reason why the plaintiff came now, in the year 1801, to seek redress for an injury sustained so far back as the year 1796. He must therefore inform them, that he had been all that time, and was, up to the present period, the English Minister at the Court of Florence, and could not, consistently with his duty, come over to superintend, personally, a prosecution in which his peace and interest were so much concerned. Mrs. Wyndham (then Miss Harper) had, in her marriage, a fortune of Thirty-six Thousand Pounds in the three per cents, which, by articles, was settled on herself, and had all been paid into her own hands since the discovery of her adulterous intercourse. In the year 1795, the Earl of Wycombe, son to the Marquis of Lansdowne, visited Florence, and was received by the British Minister, with all the respect and hospitality to which his rank entitled him. It was a part of his duty to pay attention of that kind to English travellers of condition; but with Lord Wycombe he was on terms of the greatest intimacy, making excursions with him to Rome, Pisa, and other places. At that time he had lived with his lady ten years, ever since 1784, in the utmost harmony and fondness. They had eight children in all, three

 of

of whom were then living. From these circumstances, the plaintiff entertained no suspicion of his friend, Lord Wycombe, who was intimate at his house, and of course had access to the lady, who obtained under the pretence of ill health, permission from her husband to go with her children for some time to Switzerland. Lord Wycombe set off about the same period, professedly for Spain; but when Mrs. Wyndham got to Bologna, to the surprise of all the servants, that Nobleman made his appearance, and took up his quarters in the same hotel. The Jury would hear described the convenient arrangement of the apartments at that place; from which they went to Turin, and afterwards to Lausanne, in which last place their stay was pretty long. Of these attentions on the part of the defendant, the husband at the time was ignorant, "*dulcus ille domi sciat ulterius;*" but when he was informed of it, a separation ensued, and it was not till the year 1800, that he was enabled to come to England. If the learned Gentleman on the other side could shew any connivance of Mr. Wyndham that would even lead to an adulterous intercourse, he could expect no damages; but if, on the contrary, it should appear to the Jury, that the injury was committed in breach of confidence, and that the lady was thus prevailed upon to throw herself into the arms of an adulterous lover, no case could call more fairly and loudly for exemplary damages, than that of corrupting the affections of a wife, after ten years of conjugal harmony and happiness.

Evidence was then called to prove the marriage, which was performed by special licence at St. Pancras, on the 21st of July, 1784.

The principal evidence to establish the guilt was, Madame Sembolino, Mrs. Wyndham's maid, who said she attended her from Florence to Bologna, in November, 1795. In about half an hour after their arrival at the latter place, Lord Wycombe came to them. Did not expect to see him there, as she understood he was gone to Spain. He staid three days after Mrs. Wyndham had left that place for Turin, and then followed. The room-door that led to his Lordship's apartment was locked. She knew that he slept with her mistress. He passed through the witness's room.

Cross-examined by Mr. Gibbs.—The witness went from England purposely to attend on Mrs. Wyndham. The party to Turin consisted of Lord Holland, Lady Webster, Lord Wycombe, and her mistress. Did not know whether Mr. Wyndham knew of the party. He did not accompany her when she took the best coach. Mrs. Wyndham informed the witness she was going to pass the winter at Turin, and the summer in Switzerland, for the benefit of her health; and then meant to return to Florence. Mr. Wyndham and his lady were walking with the children, in the afternoon of the day they left Florence. They set out from the house of Embassy early in the evening.—Was certain Mr. Wyndham did not attend his lady to the carriage. Did not suspect at that time any improper intimacy between her mistress and Lord Wycombe, as she made it a rule *never to suspect any body*. In answer to a question from one of the Jury, she said she was quite awake when Lord Wycombe passed through her room into that of her mistress: it was about one or two o'clock in the morning.

Mr. Garrow then addressed the Jury.—He said the plaintiff had come into Court, assisted with the best advice a ticklish case like his required. The question for the

Jury

Jury to consider was, whether the plaintiff had proved, that the comfort and society he had enjoyed with his wife had been broken in upon by the defendant? He would ask, by whose criminal neglect it was that the plaintiff complained? who was it that destroyed what he termed his dearest interests? The story of Sir Godfrey Webster and his lady was too recent to be forgotten. This Ambassador forms his party, consisting of Lady Webster, the divorced wife of Sir Godfrey Webster, Lord Holland, &c. —Was Lady Webster a proper companion to introduce to a woman of virtue? Was this a lady to whom the anxious husband should commit the education of his daughter? Would any man of honour have done so? Would he not have interdicted her from forming such a connexion? It was a matter of surprise to the whole city of Florence. He had turned her over like a bale of goods, and consigned her to the care of Lady Webster, to whose superintendance her virtue and honour were intrusted. The question to-day was like the journey to Switzerland, a question of finance, the funds of which journey were supplied by Lord Holland. He should to-day boldly demand a verdict at the hands of the Jury. The house of the British Embassy at Florence, was a scene of the most flagrant violation of every thing that was virtuous. Should it be adduced that a man should complain of being robbed, who has shewn that he considers his honour as of no value; who estimates his domestic union as worth nothing, and chooses to pass his time with any other woman, rather than with his wife, and who had boasted that there was glory in the commission of these acts?—Such a man is Mr. Wyndham. At the time he had this adoring wife, he was a man of successful gallantry; should he then be suffered to come into Court and ask for damages? So in the present case, if he should prove that he was continually driving about in his curricles, ladies of no character, such as Bartoli and Mari, and at the same time meeting his neglected wife in another, would not this be answer sufficient? The furniture of the house of Embassy was publicly taken out to furnish the house of his prostitute, living in the same town.—He would ask, Could Mr. Wyndham, after this, expect to receive a verdict at the hands of an English Jury; after placing his wife in the care of persons of no character, sending her to Bologna with them, and when Sembolino returned, never enquiring how she was, with whom she resided, or any question respecting her, or what transactions were going on there? It was too evident, he knew, of the connexion. Was it not likely Lord Holland would have written to apprise his friend, "that Wycombe was th[illegible] paying attentions [illegible]is wi[illegible] which attentions [illegible]ssed t[illegible]; he is of her party to Bologn[illegible] Turin, and elsewhere: won't you take measures to prevent this?"—Did he write such a letter?—No! He knew that he had long before that alienated [illegible] divorced himse[illegible] from his wife. The servants all knew of it, and were prepared accordingly. Lord Wycombe, at one or two o'clock in the morning, walks into the room of this convenient waiting-woman, and from thence into Mrs. Wyndham's apartment. Did she say to him—"My Lord, you have mistaken your way—this is not your apartment?"—Did she so?—No, it was all settled before hand.—These were Italian scenes, which, thank God, we have not yet arrived at the felicity of witnessing in England. The first

thing

thing Sombolino did, when he returned, was to present himself to Mr. Wyndham—Did he represent what was going forward at Bologna and Lausanne?—No.—He made no complaint to his Master, nor were any questions asked, nor did he take measures to satisfy his wounded honour till July 1800; a period of five years: and now, said Mr. Garrow, let us consider the apology.—The important services Mr Wyndham was rendering his country were stated to be the reason that he could not attend to his private concerns; and, to borrow an expression from his learned Friend, the Attorney General, he was content to put his horns into his pocket till he had settled the affairs of Europe at the Grand Duke's Court. What! could he not have written to some of his Noble Relations, who might have brought the action for him? Was it necessary for him to be here in person to attend his own cause? Could he not have sent a packet, [illegible] the writ might have been is[illegible] well [illegible]e he was absent? The [illegible]t wa[illegible]artoli and Mari had app[illegible]ed the styptic, and not till it became a matter of finance did he consider it worth his while to prosecute an action. The case of Cibber was light in comparison to this. In the lang[illegible]he people of Florence, it was too gross a case to be proved with satisfaction to the plaintiff's character. The Attorney General could not state that application was made to bring on the trial earlier than July last. If therefore the parties were in common contact, the state of limitations might be pleaded. In this case, gross negligence, and scandalous inattention to his wife, were imputable to the plaintiff, who had run the risk of bringing diseases into the marriage-bed; and he hoped he should not live long enough to hear a Jury pronounce a verdict for a plaintiff standing under such circumstances. He then stated the evidence he should adduce, and shewed that any one of the various facts he should prove, would be a complete bar to the action. The first witness called was—

Mr. Cornwall, son to Sir Geo. Cornwall. He was at Florence at the latter end of the year 1794, and received at the house of the British Ambassador, and constantly saw Mr. Wyndham; was there from October till the end of the year; visited a party of English, consisting of Lady Webster, Lord Holland, &c. has every reason to suppose Mr. Wyndham was a man of gallantry; has told the witness to that effect; has seen him with Madame Bartoli several times driving her about in his curricle, and conducting her to the Opera: the people of fashion at Florence go constantly to the Opera; has seen Mrs. Wyndham there at the same time, while Mr. Wyndham was in another box with Madame Bartoli; has no doubt of Bartoli being a woman of easy virtue; her husband resided at Leghorn. Mr. Wyndham did not appear studious to conceal his gallantries; has driven Bartoli to the Cassino, a place like Hyde Park, and as public.

John Adam Smith, Esq. was at Florence in 1794 and 1795; was at the house of the British Ambassador; saw Mrs. Wyndham there; knew Lord Holland, Lady Webster, Lord Wycombe, and all the parties, except Mr. Wyndham, who was generally regarded as a man of gallantry throughout Florence: he made no secret of it, and no doubt was left on his mind that he was criminally intimate with Bartoli; and during the time that Mrs. Wyndham was at Florence, it was open

to public observation; had seen Mari in company with Mr. Wyndham.

John Dunn, the last and principal evidence, said he went to Florence in 1793 with Lord Hervey, where he had afterwards remained. He remembered the arrival of Lord Wycombe in July 1794; he went into the service of Sir Godfrey Webster, whose house was next door to the Resident's, and continued with him a year and a half, till he left Italy, when he stopped with Lord Holland, who, from that time, appeared to be attached to Lady Webster, and it was notorious a connexion subsisted between them. After the connexion was notorious between Lady Webster and Lord Holland, the plaintiff introduced his wife to their party; she was constantly with them, and every one thought it was impossible it could be without the plaintiff's knowledge and approbation. Lady Webster, Lord Holland, Mrs. Wyndham, and Lord Wycombe, were always of the same party, and the plaintiff generally dined with them. After dinner, he used to leave his company at the house of Embassy, and frequent other ladies. The lady he was first in the habit of visiting, was Madame Bartoli. Mrs. Wyndham and Lady Webster went out an airing in their carriage, and the plaintiff and Madame Bartoli in a phaeton. The witness not only took notice of this conduct, but it was remarked by the whole town. At first every one thought Mrs. Wyndham was a very prudent lady, pitied her situation, and blamed the plaintiff for using her so ill, as he did by leaving her and going to other women. Madame Bartoli was a merchant's wife at Leghorn; she was quite the reverse of a discreet woman, in fact, she was a woman of pleasure. The lady who succeeded her in the affections of the plaintiff was a Madame Mari, a married woman too, with whom he became acquainted at Pisa; he conducted her about publicly in the same way he had done Madame Bartoli; he took a house for her at Florence, which he furnished with the furniture of the house of Embassy, in which his wife lived.

Mr. Garrow.—This Madame Mari was a modest woman perhaps?

A. Quite the reverse.

Q. Was she a loose fish, as my learned Friend terms it?

A. He took her away from two men who kept her at the same time.

Lord Kenyon.—Upon my word this is too much.

Mr. Garrow.—Was there any man in all Florence whose gallantries were more offensive than Mr. Wyndam?

A. In the eyes of the English not one.

Q. Soon after the arrival of Lord Wycombe did you observe his attentions to Mrs. Wyndham?

A. Not at first.

Q. After some time did you observe a growing attachment between them?

A. He generally attended her every day.

Q. If he had not, [illegible] she would have been unattended.

A. Certainly.

Q. Was it possible for Mr. Wyndham to doubt the growing attachment between his wife and the defendant?

A. Impossible.

Q. Did you ever see any of these parties at the Opera?

A. Every night Mr. Wyndham accompanied Madame Mari.

The Attorney General.—I certainly have some opposition to this witness, who is a discarded servant, not of one but of several masters,

for acts of dishonesty; but having heard the opinion of your Lordship on the former part of the case, I think it best to be nonsuited.

Accordingly the plaintiff was nonsuited.

Astley's Annual Prize Wherry.

IN honour of His Majesty's birth-day, was rowed for, on Monday, June 15, in four heats, by the following boats, belonging to watermen below bridge only:

Yellow.—T. Hayes, of Horsley-down, and T. Rathborn, of New Crane.

Stripe.—W. Walliner of King's Stairs, and T. Sheldrake of Cole Stairs.

Purple.—J. Webb, of Iron Gate, and G. Judge, of King's Stairs.

Red.—Lot 1.—H. Gendy, of Bell Wharf, and Wm. Tudge, of King's Stairs.

Green.—Lot 2.—T. Dent, of Cherry Garden, and S. Mearns, of Bear Key.

Blue.—Lot 3.—T. Woolcot, of Horsleydown, and R. Seal, of Battle Bridge.

Pink.—Lot 6.—L. West, of Battle Bridge, and H. Vinson, of George's Stairs.

At half after two o'clock, the [illegible] from Westminster Bridge, to row round a boat moored off Vauxhall, return through the bridge, and go round another boat at Hungerford stairs, and then return to the place from whence they started. At the off-set, the yellow got a-head, but the stripe was close on her stern before she had got fifty yards, and the others were upon the keels of both; but on gaining the point at Vauxhall, the yellow was distanced by the stripe, and continued to lose ground throughout the rest of the contest, which was won by the latter a few minutes before three o'clock. The second heat was won by the purple, and the third by the yellow; this last was by far the best contested boat race ever remembered. From their first setting off to the time they reached Vauxhall-stairs, the whole of the boats kept near upon each other, and it was not till they reached the above point, when the red, yellow, green, and pink, were on a line, and the others fifty yards distant. Bets were then laid by the company on board Lord Craven's nine-oared Funny and Mr. Astley's barge, in favour of the yellow and stripe; the yellow, in returning, got a-head of the stripe, and came in conqueror for the third heat. The regulations of the match were, that the three successful champions only should start the fourth heat, and their success should decide the wager. After a lapse of half an hour, the yellow, purple, and stripe, set off to go in a contrary direction to the former heats: first to Hungerford, and back, round the boat at Vauxhall, and back to the centre arch of Westminster Bridge. For the first thirty yards no difference appeared, then the yellow got the start of the stripe, (owing to a wherry running foul of the latter) with great exertion and much skill, the stripe overtook the yellow in returning, but it was not till they got near Searle's, the boat-builder, that any manifest advantage appeared on either side; when they came to the Bishop's walk, the stripe got more than thirty yards a-head, and continued to gain ground, until she came in for the prize, leaving her antagonist near sixty yards distant.

The value of the prize boat, is Twenty Pounds. Lord Craven, and a party of friends, were on board his Funny, and many other gentlemen were present with cutters

ters and pleasure boats. The afternoon was fine, the river was covered with boats full of company, and the adjacent shores thronged with people. Though the croud was great, no accident happened.

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

MATRIMONIAL OFFER.

"A Man of honour and rank, respectable connexions, and undeniable character, in the prime of life, good health, thanks to Almighty God; a military man, and, what the world calls good-looking; with an income of five hundred pounds per annum, not a shilling in debt; at the same time he could not make a settlement equal to it; but on the death of an aged parent, can. Such is the preface. —Any young lady of an equal income, and what the world calls *toll loll*, will meet with an offer of marriage.—The advertiser declares in the most solemn manner, and on his most sacred word of honour, that should a meeting take place, and not produce mutual attachment, the circumstance will remain a secret not to be disclosed. The first notice will as early as possible be attended to.—All letters sent in answer to this, shall be destroyed the moment the object is accomplished.

"As the advertiser wishes to avoid those embarrassments which the intervention of a third party might occasion to any lady; and at the same time to remove every suspicion which, notwithstanding his solemn assurance, may be entertained of his sincerity, he will give a personal meeting wherever the lady may appoint, on learning her pleasure, by letter sent to the care of the Editor of this paper, and addressed to "PH. OO.

"Any person endeavouring, whether from motives of ill nature, or idle curiosity, to discover who is the advertiser, will expose himself to personal danger."

Bravo, Mr. PH. OO.! Whoever should attempt to discover *thee* would be silly indeed!

A Bar Pun.—Mr. G. was, a few days since, relating that he had a client to defend, against whom an action was to be brought at the suit of an architect, who, amongst other useful erections, had built for him no less than six water-closets. The plea he stated to be set up in defence was that of non age. This plea, observed a legal wag, must be unavailing, as minors are compelled to pay for *necessaries*.

An Irishman, who was tried for an assault and acquitted, in his defence said, "that the plaintiff's child went to the table where three of his children were at dinner, and struck one of them so violent a blow across the loins, that the poor creature fell down dead, *and could not eat ten mouthfuls afterwards!*"

Henry IV. of France passing through a little town, saw several deputies coming up to harangue him. One of them having commenced his discourse, was interrupted by an ass, which began to bray; "Gentlemen," cried the King, "one at a time if you please."

The following unhappily confirms what a Captain of a ship once said, that he never swore by land, but if he did not begin as soon as he got on board, nobody regarded him.—" One day in the week was not unfrequently allotted to the instruction of the sailors, with whom the preacher (who was a Methodist) had in former life been better acquainted.—One of these men stood in the door-way on a cold evening, and held it open to the great annoyance of the congregation.—" Be so good as to shut that door there!" said the preacher. No notice was taken of this civil request.—" Pray, good man, let that door be shut!" This repetition of soft and civil accents was equally unsuccessful.—The preacher at last thundered out—D—n your eyes, you s— of a b—! shut that door I say."—It was shut immediately."

Clerical Anecdote.—The celebrated Lord Littleton asked a clergyman in the country for the use of his pulpit, for a young man he had brought down with him.—" I really know not," said the Clergyman, " how to refuse your Lordship; yet, if the young man preach *better* than me, my people will be dissatisfied with me afterwards; and if he preach *worse*, I don't think he is *fit to preach at all!*"

Bon Mot.—Mr. Erskine, a few days since, being indisposed in the Court of King's Bench, told Mr. Jekyl, " that he had a pain in his bowels, for which he could get no relief."—" I'll give you an infallible specific," replied the humorous barrister. " Get made *Attorney General*, my friend, and then you'll have *no bowels at all!*"

In an American Paper, intitled *The Rights of Man*, printed in Frederick Town, Maryland, the Printer, John Winter, says, " time not permitting the Printer of this Paper to join the respectable company who dined together on the 4th of March, he contented himself with drinking *(alone)* in his office, the following toasts: — here follow twelve toasts, most of them of a political nature.—The twelfth is not a little selfish, and somewhat singular, viz.—*Myself!* May the man who takes *my paper*, and won't pay me for it, never have money to buy a paper, nor a friend to lend him one. May he remain as ignorant as *that man*, down yonder, on Bennet's creek, who never knew *there was an Indian war!!!*

Quin.—Macklin having written a Comedy many years ago, shewed it to his friend Quin, and asked his opinion of it: who gave him some hopes of its success, but desired him to wait a little before he brought it out. His advice was complied with, and the next season he was called upon again for his interest with Mr. Rich, to have it performed—but Quin had the address to satisfy Macklin a second time, by recommending him to *wait* a little longer. Shylock retired growling, but complied. Next year he applied again, confident of success, but was astonished at receiving the same answer as before. Unable now to contain himself, he asked his patron, pettishly, " How much longer he would have him wait?"—" Till the day of judgment, (replied Quin) when you and your Play may be *damn'd* together."

A Captain one night ordering a lanthorn to be taken from the mast-head, an officer who passed the word, called out, " main top there! Extinguish the nocturnal illumination."—*Sailor.* D-mn my limbs if there is any such rope in the ship.—Here the officer speaking to the fellow in his own way, exclaimed, " Dowse the glim and be damned to ye!"—*Sailor.* It is done your honour.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE races at Bibury were all rode by gentlemen. Mr. Delme, the best gentleman jockey, rode for Lord Milsingtown, and won the Welter Stakes. Lord Charles Somerset, riding for Lord Oxford, in the same race, fell, but received no hurt.—Mr. Germaine has purchased Dick Andrews, with his engagements, which are very promising, for something less than five hundred pounds.

On Thursday morning, the 18th instant, at eight o'clock, a person leaped off the centre arch of Black-friars Bridge into the Thames, to decide a trifling wager of five shillings, and had the good fortune to escape unhurt.

A few days since, a starling's nest, with young ones, was taken from the breast of Watson, a murderer, hung in chains on Bradenham Common, near Swaffham. This extraordinary fact was witnessed by hundreds of spectators.

A partridge's nest, with the extraordinary number of thirty-three eggs, was, on Saturday the 13th inst. discovered in a plantation, near the house of J. Clarke, Esq. of Welton-place, Nottinghamshire.

On Thursday, the 4th instant, a man ran twenty times round St. Paul's church yard, (eight miles) in fifty-four minutes and some seconds.

Thursday, the 4th instant, Mrs. Giles, of the Bell, at Woodbridge, and another woman, returning home in a cart, stopped at a public house to bait their horse, but did not alight; the animal being freed from the curb, set off full speed, at which Mrs. G. being exceedingly alarmed, jumped out of the cart; in doing which she hurt herself so much, that she died on the following Monday. The other woman remained in her seat, and fortunately escaped without injury.

The custom of taking the halter from off a horse, before it is released from the carriage is highly dangerous.—Mr. Whichcord, of Ingatestone, Essex, with his wife, sister, and a child, coming from Raleigh, on Sunday, the 7th inst. in a chaise, stopped at Cray's Hill, when the ostler inadvertently pulled off the halter, the animal took fright, and, notwithstanding every exertion, broke away with all in the chaise but Mr. Whichcord, who hung upon the horse's head for a considerable time, but was unable to stop him. The wife, sister, and child, were then hurled down the steep hill, with all the speed the horse was capable of. At length, however, coming to a narrow turning, the wheel caught a post, which overturned the chaise; when, wonderful to relate, all three were thrown out, and without receiving any material injury.

Sir Harry that won a sweepstakes at Ascot, on the Tuesday, was put up for sale the day before, at Tattersall's; five hundred guineas were bid, but the owner would not take less than five hundred and fifty, and bought him in. The engagement of the race was, that the winning horse should be sold for three hundred guineas to the owner of the second, if he desired to purchase him. Lord Sackville being second, demanded, and is to receive him; thus the owner will only get three hundred guineas for Sir Harry, and the sweepstakes, two hundred and

seventy more, so that Lord Sackville will gain the most by the race, though he lost it.

On Thursday, the 4th instant, was played a grand match of cricket, at Homerton, between eleven gentlemen of the Homerton Club, and eleven gentlemen of the Montpelier Club, for five hundred guineas a side, which was won by the latter by three wickets. Even betting at starting.

A few days since, a sturgeon was caught in Maldon river, near Beeleigh Mills, which measured seven feet in length, and weighed one hundred and thirty-one pounds; it was in good condition, and a very fine fish.

Friday, the 12th instant, a trout was taken in the Earl of Pembroke's garden at Wilton, near the Palladian-bridge, which weighed fourteen pounds, and measured two feet six inches in length.

We hear every day of improvements in Agriculture, as well as in the Arts and Sciences, but we believe a species of improvement from one of our Universities, has hardly yet met the *eyes* or *ears* of the public at large. *Tandems* (a gig or chair, drawn by two horses at length) have long been common upon the different roads, particularly in and round the metropolis; but some few days since a *phaetonic* Student at Cambridge, having determined to "out-Herod Herod," surprised the inhabitants of all the narrow streets and lanes with a display of three at length, which he managed with the greatest *long whip* dexterity; but so *fleeting*, in many instances, is *Fame*, that the following day an *opponent* of *title* sported a *tandem of four*, with the motto of "*Aut Cæsar aut Nullus*," and the vehicle is by no means improperly denominated "*A Random*."

Sir Thomas Stepney's carriage and four was on the ground at Ascot, on Thursday in the race week. The horses taking fright ran away at full speed, when Lady Stepney leaped out, and fortunately escaped unhurt.

Bets for considerable sums have lately been won by a broken down blood-horse belonging to a poulterer in Birmingham, which had been sold for fifty-two shillings; he travelled one hundred and twenty miles in fourteen hours and forty minutes. He was allowed sixteen hours to perform the journey. At the end of sixty miles the bets were greatly against him; but finally turned in his favour nearly three to one, and he actually went the last thirty miles with more spirit than the preceding ones.

The same day a wager was determined on the Brampton-road, near Carlisle, that a favourite hackney mare should trot *two* miles while a celebrated pedestrian hero of the neighbourhood ran *one*. The mare, although she trotted the two miles in seven minutes, was beat by half a mile, or two minutes and a half.

A mare belonging to Mr. W. Lanyon, of St. Buryan, Cornwall, some days ago cast a fine mare-colt, with only one eye, and that in the middle of her forehead, and without nostrils. In other respects it was perfect, came at its proper time, and lived two days.

A young gentleman of Cambridge University, started at twelve o'clock on Sunday night, the 7th instant, to walk from London to York in four days, for a considerable wager. On Monday, at five o'clock, he reached Alconbury-hill; on Tuesday he slept at Long Bennington; on Wednesday, at Doncaster; and arrived at York Minster, in good health and spirits, at four o'clock on Thursday afternoon, being eight hours within the time.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

PHILOSOPHICAL APOLOGY FOR THE LADIES.

AN ODE,

ADDRESSED TO LORD KENYON.

WHEN fine emotions keenly touch
Your moral sense, you cry "too much,"
My seat is stuck with thorns;
Crim. Con. bursts thro' connubial bands,
O for Briareus' hundred hands,
To weed these hydra horns.

Ah! Kenyon, let Minerva's lyre
Attune thy passions, sooth thy ire,
Thy ardent genius rule;
If plants and flow'rs with sexual charms,
Fondly entwine their sentient arms,
Can flesh and blood be cool?

With philosophic Darwin soar,
And de la Croix read o'er and o'er,
Give Noy's sage maxims rest;
Shot from the Muse, a ray divine,
O'er the King's Bench again may shine,
And fire your classic breast.

Each fragrant plant, and blooming flow'r,
In am'rous bliss enjoy the hour,
And various pleasures taste;
So beauties sport away frail life,
And scorn the dull domestic wife,
Unpolish'd, dull, and chaste.

Botanic science charms sweet Miss,
She views the flow'rs enraptur'd kiss,
And rolls a sparkling eye;
Anther, and Pistill, she explains,
And dear delicious knowledge gains,
Mamma sits smiling by.

Ah! Jerry Taylor, our wise age
Would stimulate your holy rage,
Your modesty perplex;
Forbidden fruit on hawthorn blows;
Tulips, to blushing maids disclose,
The dear exciting sex.

On beauty's brilliancy we gaze,
And flutter round the lambent blaze,
Till Hymen crowns the dame;
Kind nature's light she then pursues,
The hov'ring lover fondly views,
And sheds a glow-worm flame.

Let woman spread her charms divine,
In glory rise, in brightness shine,
Like lilies of the field;
Who neither toil, nor spin—but kiss,
Entwine in aromatic bliss,
Bow their sweet heads and yield.

The fair ones—vers'd in *lectur'd* lore,
Chymic affinities explore,
By mutual passion smit;
Liquids, they see, each other fly,
If more attractive sweets are nigh,
And their first nuptials quit.

Then why impede the soft caress,
Cry "Vive l'amour, and la jeunesse."
Wing Cupid's vivid darts;
By nature's law, the loving spouse
Breaks her first tie, and maiden vows,
To join congenial hearts.

Let frolic truths your soul inspire,
And glow with old Anacreon's fire,
To sing these brilliant days;
When dear enchanting women rove,
In the free Cyprian robes of love,
And scorn connubial stays.

Ye loose-zon'd brides so kind and gay,
Down pleasure's path delighted stray,

While

While youth fresh roses flings;
When envious time blasts every grace,
Let cards supply the lover's place,
And shuffle knaves and kings.

Pellucid fawns around you flow,
As at the panting pencn you glow,
Or to Curcuma roam;
Where Syren songs soft bosoms win;
—But charity, that covers sin,
Veils the voluptuous dome.

Dear Kenyon, move a moral bill,
Founded on woman's claim—*free will*;
That sympathetic dames
On genial rights their thoughts may turn,
And throbbing hearts no longer mourn,
But melt in mutual flames.

Good David Hume, and sage Fontaine,
Philosophise ideal pain,
And balm a cuckold's smart;
As bounteous wives bestow a bliss,
The fondest spouse can never miss,
Why should it grieve his heart?

Thus Sparta rose, on reason's plan,
No jealous freaks chagrin'd the man;
No spouse gallants would sue;
Our barb'rous code, mild Lloyd's refines,
Though you, a Rhadamanthus shine,
Revive Lycurgus too.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

AN ORIGINAL EPILOGUE,
OR,
THE VARIETY OF A PLAYHOUSE.

AS a lover adroit, while her neck Pol defends,
Stoops quick to her feet, the torch lights at both ends;
And, working by sap, the calves, knees, and bubs past,
Like school-boys refin'd, leaves the best till the last.
So to your high ranks we imprimis pay court,
Then next to the beaux by elipsis resort;
And at length have recourse to the interior middle,
Which, tho' bespoke last, is yclept the chief fiddle.

Then tinkers, and sweepers, and night-men of merit,
And coblers remarkably full of the spirit,
And cits worth a plum, who for a tin tester,
To a cellar descend, where hedge-swine all the guests are,
And (chain'd knives and forks) stands a thief with a hanger,
In act to bestow on defaulters a banger;
Be propitious, while trembling on jeopardy's brink,
We fear to be sous'd in black Phlegethon's ink.

Gay boxers, the envy of heaven and earth,
That to poets, and players, and fashion give birth;
Dear flutterers, whimperers, imps, don't refuse,
To encourage with simpers the timorous muse.
And if, ourselves men, we of love make complaint,
O shelter our hearts with a plaster of paint.
Ye who scud, run, and scamper, much like a lone sheep,
Yet here in a flock, dare at peeping Tom peep.

Ye quizzes, who better can see without glasses,
With their aid notwithstanding will view whate'er passes;
And ye lovers in years who mix sighing with pthisic,
And loungers devouring choice dainties like physic;
If making slip from precision we swerve,
O think what it is for an error to starve!

And, O ye mixt pitites, in buckram or bays,
A chaos as various as Iris's lays;
Ye catchpoles, and brokers, and fidlers, and pimps,
Dammebloods, jackanapes, snuff-smugglers, and imps;
Petite-maitres, apes, aldermen, taylors, and shrimps,
Quacks, waiters, squires, conjurors, critics in state,
And, to speak without compass pure virgins of eight;
Sharpers clad in canonical wigs, lords in boots,
Rhubarb-venders, and diggers of tough Hebrew roots;
Oh, all be benign, to soft tenderness kind,
To faults of humanity reas'nably blind.
And so shall your hearts in our hearts be enshrin'd!

And ah! that some fair, in box, gall'ry, or pit,
Sense blent with simplicity, sweetness with wit;

And with modesty frankness; would
    deign me a smile,
And a life of long mis'ry thankless be-
    guile!

Curs'd memory lapt in oblivion's sleep,
And care set adrift on the stygian deep;
Thought drown'd in the sweet and conge-
    nial bowl,
Eternal vows plighted, and twin'd soul in
    soul.

As ye came one and all, but with mirth
    to be pleas'd,
Grant the piece your applause, and all
    care will be ceas'd.

EPITAPH ON A TOM CAT.

ERE scarce two years had hurried o'er
    his head,
Poor Tom, alas! was number'd with the
    dead.
Nine lives he had! but (O resistless fate!)
Nine lives suffic'd not to protract his date!
An envious rival carried eight away,
And with the ninth he linger'd out a day.
He could no more; for, pity seiz'd a gun,
She saw his pain, and took the other one.
Thus fell poor Tom, not single in his fall,
For death, which levell'd him, must level
    all.
Both men and cats await the fatal blow,
The graves opes wide [illegible] — and Tom
    must go.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

INSCRIPTION ON A PYRAMID,

In Walcote Park, Northamptonshire, the
Seat of THOMAS NOEL, Esq.

BENEATH this turf my fav'rite fox-
    hound lies;
Stop here, ye hoaxers all, and wipe your
    eyes.
Here mourn with me for lovely Dolphin
    dead,
The flower of all my pack, tho' not the
    head;
Of shape exactly fine from head to foot,
To one scent steady, cautious, yet not
    mute.
To riot, or to babbling never prone,
Nor slack on vermin scent to set us on;
Active, tho' not surpassing in his pace,
Brisk and unwearied in the longest chace.
The most determined foe our foxes knew,
Fix'd to his point, and obstinately true.
Such Dolphin was, whose fame must
    surely last,
As long as Sportsman shall preserve their
    taste.

A NEW WAY TO CATCH WILD DUCKS,

Recommended with profound respect to
the consideration of the Royal Society,

By ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

Non plures gladio quam occidere gula.

MANY catch men, who cannot catch
    a duck!
Those of the fens, will often curse their
    luck;
(The first, with any gewgaw, may be
    taken)
  But it would not be so,
  If these egregious cozeners did know,
The efficacious properties of bacon.
Cut from a Hampshire flitch, a rich, fat
    slice,
  Two inches long, and half an inch in
    thickness;
Replete with oil and essence: glib and nice,
(Such as at City feasts we often see,
  Where *Gourmands* lay the corner stone
    of sickness)
Tie that with string—the string unto a tree:
And leave it the whole night—
  Then one duck comes and gulps, and
    others follow it,
Smacking their bills with exquisite delight:
And then another, and another,
[illegible] in a fluttering, wild, voracious pother,
  Voiding, *la bas*, the morsel, when
    they've swallow'd it.
Thus, when Aurora trims the lamp of day,
  And watchful Chanticleer calls up the
    sluts,
To light the fire for a *dejeune*:
Wak'd by a choral din of quack, quack,
    quack,
You'll ope your casement, and cry out,
    good lack,
  Here's *a whole covey* fastened by the
    guts!
Then you may draw the string and send
    them all,
To Newgate Market or to Leadenhall—
Burn your decoys, ye silly men of Lin-
    coln,
This is a better plan, than ye could think
    on.
Yet I'll take out no patent for th' inven-
    tion,
  Which I don't care should either friend
    or foe know;
To send it you, *Messieurs*, was my inten-
    tion,
  For the publico bono.

THE

THE TWO ROUND SPACES.

A SKELTONIAD.

THE devil believes that the Lord will come,
Stealing a march, without beat of drum,
About the same hour that he came last,
On an old Christmas-day, in a snowy blast.
'Till he bids the trump sound, nor body, nor soul stirs,
For the dead mens' heads have slip'd under their bolsters!

Ho! ho! Brother Bard! in our church-yard,
Both beds and bolsters are soft and green,
Save one alone, and that's of stone,
And under it lies a Counsellor keen.
This tomb would be square, if it were not too long;
And 'tis rail'd round with iron, tall, spear-like, and strong.
On the seventh of January,
When all is white, both high and low,
As a Cheshire yeoman's dairy,
Brother Bard, ho! ho! Believe me or no,
On that tall tomb to you I'll shew,
After sun-set, and before cock crow,
Two round spaces clear of snow.
I swear by our Knight, and his forefathers' souls,
Both in shape and in size they are just like the holes
In the large house of privity,
Of that antient family.
On these two spaces, clear of snow,
There have sat in the night, for an hour or so,
(He kicking his heels, she cursing her corns,
All to the tune of the wind in their horns)
The De'il and his Grannam,
With the snow drift to fan'em,
Expecting and hoping the trumpet to blow,
For they are cock-sure of the fellow below!

THE BARD's PETITION.

YE sacred Nine, descend with "roseate smiles,"
To bless a Poet bred in Broad St. Giles!
I woo ye not to sing "of waving trees,
"Blue clouds, green fields, high hills, or stormy seas."
I ask not "raptures, rage, blood, death, or fire,"
To eat, sweet Maids, is what I most desire:
So hard my lot 'twould melt a heart of stone,
My cash is spent, my credit long since gone:
E'en now (the abasing truth I write with grief)
Instead of rhyme, my thoughts are fix'd on beef;
And though I rev'rence the Castilian flood,
I think mild porter pretty near as good;
My very quill, worn almost out of use,
Brings to my mind the cackling of a goose;
And, 'stead of poring over learned books,
Imagination teems with greasy cooks.
How would my panting heart with transport bound,
Could I but see the circling spit go round;
Nay, what are soft-ton'd lutes or harps (good lack)
Compar'd to winding up the creaking jack?
Oh! then, sweet Nymphs, if, by your pitying aid,
I eat again, and get my taylor paid—
If with good cheer my inside you recruit,
And warm my outside with a bran-new suit,
Each passing hour, by night as well as day,
Your starv'd Petitioner shall joyful pray.

DICK DISTICH.

YESTERDAY.

SAY, ye studious, grave, and old,
Tell me, all ye fair and gay,
Tell me where I may behold
The fleeting forms of—*yesterday*.

Where's autumnal beauty sped?
Winter! where's thy boist'rous sway?
Where's the vernal flowret fled?
Summer! where's thy—*yesterday*?

Od'rous sweets and Kors'rom's wine
Hither, boy, with speed convey;
Jasmine wreaths with roses twine,
'Ere they fade like—*yesterday*.

Brim the bowl and pass it round,
Lightly tune the sportive lay,
Let the festal hour be crown'd,
'Ere 'tis lost like—*yesterday*.

EPITAPH,

On an OLD WOMAN *buried in* EDWALTON *Church-yard, near* NOTTINGHAM.

SHE drank good ale, good punch, and wine,
And lived to the great age of ninety-nine.